Narrin Spitter

A THRILLING SERIAL by Constance B. Willard WILL BEGIN IN THE LEDGER SOON.

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A MAN OF MYSTERY;

Or, Who Was Betrayed?

By Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.

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CHAPTER I.

WHO IS HE?

"I knew it, Ralph. I had a presentiment."

"Had you, my dear? What was it, may I ask, and what is it now?"

"You saw him, I'm sure—that dreadful man again. He seems to have brought the gloom and shadow with him. I felt really chilled for the moment. It is not surprising that I shivered."

A minute before all had been bright and sunny in the little dell where Ralph Rohan lay stretched upon the pine needles, lazily watching Cora St. Orme as she sketched; but a cloud had suddenly floated between them and the sun, and a strange quiet had fallen with the shadow upon the sunkissed woods. With it, as it seemed, or as if coming in its train, was the somewhat strange figure which had called forth Cora's uncomplimentary remark.

The season was still early, and the little dell in the heart of the wood, at some distance from the famed summer resort at which, later on, fashion would congregate, was bathed in the softest light and color. The leaves were so fresh and tender that where they caught the sun they seemed almost transparent. The boughs nodded and whispered, and where Ralph Rohan lay on his back and looked upward, the varying shades of green were soaked with sunlight.

"Hope you're not growing superstitious, Coralie," he said, with his laziest smile.

"Laugh if you like. I have a presentiment."

"So have I."

"What is it?"

"If I don't pick myself up and then pick up that easel and those wraps of yours, we shall be late for dinner. Now, share yours with me, if you please."

"I can't, Ralph, for the very good reason that I hardly know myself what it is. But when I see that man I have a fear—"

"You? When I am at hand?"

"Oh, I know you'd ridicule me. But I am as certain, Ralph, as I can be of anything, that he is a conspirator."

"Against our future peace and happiness, eh?"

"No. Against the Government."

"Well, let him. It must be against his own, and not ours, that he is conspiring, I fancy, and they are pretty well accustomed to that sort of thing by this time. But why should you imagine such a thing, Cora? Has the unfortunate old fellow no music in his soul, that you so hastily conclude him 'It for treason, stratagems, and to spoil things'?"

"He is a Russian—"

"Yes, or rather a Pole."

"I wish with all my heart he was at the North Pole!"

"He'll fetch up somewhere near it if his paternal Government gets its arms about him—that is, if your surmises are correct."

As Ralph and Cora thus chatted in an undertone, the object of their remarks passed within a few yards of them. A brown, sloping path, still carpeted with the leaves shed the previous autumn, broke the wall of green which bounded the dell, and down this footway stalked slowly a tall, gray-headed man, his head bent forward and his hands clasped behind him. As he passed he looked neither to the right nor left, but moved along as if unconscious of their presence, and in a few moments was lost to sight.

Then, as if in support of the young lady's superstitious feeling, the sun broke through the cloud, the foliage was again inundated with light, and the birds broke out in song.

"See," she whispered, catching her companion's arm, "the shadow follows him!"

"All right, my dear. Let it keep on at that, or in any other direction, provided it doesn't come between you and me."

"Ah, Ralph! I see you are not altogether free from the feeling I have—"

"Certainly. How can I help it? Sympathetic, you know. But, seriously, how can you associate such things with old Polinski?"

"How can I? Why, Ralph, you know as well as I do. We heard, you remember, before we left New York—yes, last winter—the horrid plots he had been connected with in Russia."

"Yes, and we heard, too, how he had suffered. It is well known that his wife died under the knout, that his only son died in Siberia, that he also was sent there, without trial, and that he must have suffered in effecting his escape. I am not defending the poor man's political opinions, but I can't help remembering that human nature is human nature, whether in Poland or in Pennsylvania, and when I put myself in his place—"

"I hope you'll never do anything of the kind."

"I don't want to, I'm sure."

Ralph Rohan had, by this time, got together his fair companion's effects, and the pair marched on, talking of indifferent matters. They had the appearance of being happy in each other's society, and they were so.

No formal engagement of marriage existed between young Rohan and Miss St. Orme, yet it needed no more than a word of love should be spoken by him, so well had they for some time understood each other. This was known and encouraged by Judge Warder, the uncle and guardian of the young lady, in whose law firm Ralph had been for the past year a partner. Rohan was rich as well as being eligible in other respects, and the guardian of a beautiful young girl in Gotham may well be pardoned if his anxieties keep him alive to such matters.

Coralie St. Orme would not be a portionless bride, but her fortune, though considerable, was scarce worthy the consideration of her wealthy admirer, though it might tempt many an impecunious one.

Ralph Rohan, up to this time, had been well content to have affairs float on as they were doing, but Cora would have been less or more than feminine had she not looked for and demanded some more openly expressed admiration, something more explicit and tangible from her matter-of-fact lover, than had as yet been forthcoming. Though a sensible girl, she had her share of sentiment, and she had more than once doubted if any real love for her existed where there was so little manifestation of it.

Thus far, in the long months of their acquaintance, during which everything had gone on so smoothly, there had been nothing to call forth a declaration on the one part, or a diversion on the other. Had, however, Ralph Rohan been given to indulging in presentiments, as we have seen was the case with his lady-love, he might have felt something of a shiver come over him as they drew near the depot which was on the outskirts of the town.

The evening train from the city had arrived, and the season having, as has been said, barely opened, there were few passengers; consequently those that alighted had their full share of attention.

The one who caught the eye both of Ralph and Cora was a man who would hardly have escaped notice in a crowd. He had just removed his traveling cap, preparatory to donning a fashionable derby, and his wavy hair with a warm, Titian glow was bathed in the sunlight, while a fascinating light came to his handsome eyes as he nodded to one who came forward to greet him. His voice, too, which our friends heard in the few words of salutation which passed, had a musical and magnetic ring that was in itself captivating.

In short, it might be said, the stranger had the pleasantest face, the pleasantest voice, and the pleasantest manner in the world.

"A regular Adonis, that chap," was the remark of Rohan, as they got beyond earshot.

"I don't like him," said Cora, shortly.

"And for a woman's reason, of course. But I'm awfully glad you don't, all the same. Now I'm quite taken with him."

"You'd never be taken for him, that's certain," rejoined the young lady, with a laugh.

This was true enough, for Ralph Rohan's personal attractions were only moderate; and, such as he was, he was the very op-

posite in appearance of the fascinating stranger.

"Complimentary, upon my word. But then, what's the odds since you have taken a prejudice against his lordship already? I'm not at all jealous, so I venture the opinion that he'd no end of a good fellow, as well as a good-looking one, at least.

It must not be supposed that because Ralph Rohan was disposed to take so much for granted in regard to his future prospects matrimonially he was anything of a pig. On the contrary, few men to whom fortune had been so indulgent were so little spoiled by it. Though naturally somewhat dignified, he was one who was always at the service of his friends at any time, and if there was a little air of self-importance about him—for of his wealth and social position—there was with it such a mingling of suavity as might have made his standing in many a political canvass.

Noticing, as they neared Major Warder's cottage, that Lena continued silent, that, indeed, she had made no reply to his last remark, Ralph repeated it.

"I've been considered a tolerable expert in reading faces at first sight, and that absurdly handsome one of yours is not to be ignored. Thoroughbred, I'll warrant. What think you, Cora?"

"Perfect, I have no doubt."

"Ah! Changed your verdict, I see."

"Not at all. I mean he is thorough in his way, whatever that may be."

"Which is rather doubtful."

"Is it? Well, I think it likely. He's not to be taken for as a thorough gentleman."

"And I," said Miss St. Orme, after a brief pause, "that he is a thorough scoundrel!"

CHAPTER II.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

"Lark, me boy, how are you?"

"Hearty as brandy."

Such were the salutations that passed between the pair who were seen by Ralph Rohan and Miss St. Orme to meet each other after the arrival of the afternoon train at Eastlake.

If the latter speaker was unmistakably Irish, the other could be told by a certain "fall and mutation" to be one of the hated less so. In fact, the former was "native and to the manner born," while Lord Tilbermede had one remove. Him I have described somewhat. Let me now view his confrere.

Perhaps the familiar term "jumping-Joe" would be the most correct as to impression of Mr. Dermot McDermot. It was not only in his movements that this was manifested so much as with him. He seemed, literally, to talk all over. Head, body, limbs, hands, feet, and even the finger-tips, were constantly in motion. He was continually on the move, with all he might and all his muscles.

He was somewhere on the shady side of middle age, but was still active, with a round, smooth face, a nose that inclined to snub, a mouth of large proportions, a self-satisfaction that was little short of exasperating to one in a less happy frame of mind.

It's a thrifle oncexpected ye are, Lark, strike me down as I is for one of the upper in life yersilf, but it's welcome ye are for all the same. There's a gintleman Irish super to the fare, I'm thinkin'."

"You may bank on that safely, Mack, or I would not have come. I looking up one Paul Polinski."

"Paul cute Nihilist, is it? Sure, me an' him is as thick as gutter mud. It's the queerest gintleman ye iver met, Lark, an' yivin' ye in fine style; but sure, Lark, ye're not goin' in for any Russian rackets?"

"Not for the present. Your help I needs all of the undivided aid of her sons, but if we say more we'll be overheard."

"An' what we can sich a half-cracked, played-out old Nihilist as Polinski is to the Land-ur or the Ancient Order?"

"That you shall see."

"Well, it to one as obtuse as McDermott that the younger man was not overgenerous in his estimate, so he made no reply. The new arrival, having given directions in regard to his luggage, now moved in the direction of the hotel, but turned his steps toward a shaded roadway that presently led to Polinski's cottage. Presently he spoke again.

"I noticed that young couple who passed the depot a few minutes ago?"

"I did that."

"The man, I happen to know—his name, at least—but the lady——"

"She's Cora Verner."

"You do?"

"Divil a less! She's a naice of ould Warder, of Warder, Woldmeyer and Rohan——"

"The deuce, you say! And this is young Rohan, the future partner?"

"He is that same. An' engaged, I'm thinkin', to the purty young gurrul herself."

"Oh, Miss Warder is an heiress, is she?"

"That she is, but she isn't Miss Warder, for she isn't. What might the fair creature's name be, then?"

"She's Miss Verner, an' a most fascinatin', affable specimen of the feminine genus she is, too, did ye always have the luck to find it. Mack; but, pray, how came you to make the discovery?"

"She, is it? Sure, I'm an' glove we are, as I may say—that is, me an' the ould Major is."

"And how came that about?"

"Politics, me boy. The ould man is a great friend of the cause. He's nixt door but one to a paytriot."

"Better and better."

The smile that came over the young man's handsome and expressive features at this remark in response might have been easily seen by any one less unsuspecting than the garrulous and egotistic Dermot McDermot.

As they strolled along toward the sunset, McDermot kept up his inevitable chatter, to which his companion apparently listened, now and then making a monosyllabic reply, but his thoughts were on something far different. They were such, too, as it would not have been prudent for him to express in the society in which he then was, for less among those whose trusted ambassador he was considered.

For Lark, as McDermot called him, was not there, ostensibly at least, on his own initiative or responsibility. He had, to the full, as such men always will have, the confidence of those who called, and perhaps believed, themselves to be patriots, and the latter were ready to do his bidding, as Polinski was one with which few others would have been entrusted.

He was hated. Even amongst men who were far from endorsing his political opinions, he was disliked personally, and his honesty believed in. There was, indeed, no resisting the man's gay and fascinating ways, his ready humor, his eyes keen and searching, but sunny as a summer landscape, his voice musical, and his manner that he forced upon all with whom he would ingratiate himself. In short, if any one ever left him, after an hour's chat, without a friendly feeling, it must have been because an unpardonable discordant note had been discussed. Even at that moment he had made a favorable impression on all that he desired, as he seemed to pay the closest attention to all he said.

But the young man's thoughts were at work elsewhere. A single remark of McDermot had set them in motion within them.

Miss St. Orme was wealthy!

Her guardian was interested in the, to him, all-absorbing Irish question!

Lark Lawless, at this time, as peculiarly sensitive as most men to the charms of feminine beauty, and Coralie St. Orme had proved herself one of these, but that day was past. His head might—although not as largely as he could desire; and, being fond of style and somewhat prodigal, he was not ill-off—be said in advance of his means.

On this score, he had more than once thought of marriage as a means of escape from a hand-to-mouth existence. The great difficulty was to find one who was few wealthy people in his set.

Such had been the case we have seen, and well educated, and was perhaps inclined to be somewhat exclusive, owing to all the advantages of person and intellect. In short, Mr. Lark Lawless knew his own value.

"Lena Verner," he mused. "Engaged to Rohan, perhaps. Well, I'm not supposed to know much about Rohan's or a woman's word, in such cases, is always given with a mental reservation. But, if engaged, she's hooked, why there is a fair field."

Rohan is rich, but old Warder is a perfect Croesus, and the girl is independent, as a rule, those who have money to spend usually caught."

To Lark's mind there was not so much as a hint of anything dishonorable in all this. His motto was in love as in all the other and stronger spheres of life to which he belonged—"All is fair."

He ever thought himself worthy he knew but slightly, no consideration. It was obvious that the wealthy young lawyer had no such need of the fortune of the girl. And with her guardian's political sympathies in his favor, the latter was placed in a quite approachable.

Unknown and unsuspected, Lark Lawless had been more than playing at politics. He was allied with men who were, many of them, desperate characters, although he was by no means a dangerous man himself. That, of necessity, he had to keep secret, which he would infinitely have preferred not to know; not that the knowledge of such matters was to his discredit, but because it worried him how he was to turn them to account. That he could be useful in all things.

He knew the dark and sinister side of the Irish question in the old land, and he felt that many of his countrymen there and here were making a mistake in entering into coercive hope that there might be no serious outbreaks. He had been struggling with such, only so far as such a feeling was likely to pay and latterly, beyond the mere salary of his office, as the Land League secretaryship, Lark had had but few opportunities of making money for himself or the League.

Now, however, a project had been mooted in which there might be millions.

It was in furtherance of this that Lark Lawless had come to Eastlake.

"If one fails," he said to himself, his mind ever pursuing the question, "there is entirely new idea, "there is always the other. And while here I can have two strings to my bow."

"You are thirty, Lark, and a fine-looking fellow. Not a bad match for any young woman, when he is not looking out for No. 1. Much good your manly qualities would have, should have done you so far!

All this fuss and feathers about an Irish Republic is but one of these days where it has before, and as then a few will be benefited at the expense of the many. Orangmen have, if when I have furnished so much income, I should be found among the many.

"And, among all those who call themselves Irish patriots, how many, how few really are so? Politics is a game with most of those following the cause of Home Rule nowadays. They make themselves troublesome to the Government until they are paid to be quiet. When once that is done, we hear no more of their patriotism.

"Why should I be more conscientious than others, especially when it don't pay?"

An' begora"—it was the changed tone of McDermot's voice that broke in upon Lark's reverie—"sure that's himself!"

"Who?" queried Lawless, looking up.

"The Wanderin' Jew, as they call him in the parish—the ould Nihilist."

Raising his hat, with the grave politeness of a Spaniard or a Moslem, as he passed, the venerable Pole kept on his way. For once McDermot was silent. It was Lark who first spoke.

"So that is Paul Polinski?"

"Yes, and that is Larkin Lawless!"

These last words, unheard by them, came from one who was also unseen.

Not until the two men had begun to retrace their steps toward the village did the speaker emerge from the shadow of a clump of trees.

It was a woman, tall, dark and no longer youthful.

"Lark," she repeated, "that is Larkin Lawless, and I am Annie Molyneux!"

CHAPTER III.

WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?

Ralph Rohan and Cora St. Orme had parted company at Eastlake, the former at the hotel, and the young lady, remembering when her companion had left her that she had omitted an errand of mercy on which she had purposed going, tripped down the steps and was soon once more on the outskirts of the town. Her visit was to an invalid girl who resided with her parents, and who, being poor as well as ailing, was always grateful for the calls and benefactions of the wealthy New York beauty.

It was while there, a half hour later, standing at the garden gate of the little cottage in the twilight, and reflecting that her call had deprived her uncle and Ralph of her company at dinner, that Cora and the girl's father with whom she was talking a little in regard to his daughter, were startled by a peculiar cry at some distance.

"Wile-cat," remarked the old man.

"No wild-cat, but a human cry evidently. "A tol'able wile-catty one of it was," he suggested.

They listened, but the wild shriek was not repeated.

It came from down thur by the Lovers' Leap," said the old woman, who sat in the doorway.

"Lovers' Leap?"

Cora remembered the spot, it having been pointed out to her on Ralph the day previous, and the usual legend narrated.

"Yes, miss," the old woman said, "they 'jump, the young folks must be gittin' romanticker nor they was in my day," was the venerable observation.

"It is terrible!" said Cora, shuddering.

"Perhaps some one has fallen over. She native.

"Woman," she said, "the thought of any one's falling over such a precipice. Let us go there at once. You will come, will you not?"

"I dunno. Lemme see. What ye think, Jimmy Arlin?"

"Yes. Hurry 'long, fer pity's sake, Exry."

"Well, I s'pose I must, then."

"Bring a strong rope," was all Cora could think of in a possible emergency.

"I'll bring a rope," he had not even that much forethought.

An hour—indeed, of less than a quarter of an hour brought the pair to the almost perpendicular cliff that formed the Lovers' Leap. It was but a few yards from the carriageway, and was more than a hundred feet above the ravine below. The path over the declivity were lined with dwarf trees and shrubs.

It was now quite dark in the glen, and not a soul was passing along the road. Cora, in her excitement, had left them to summon assistance before setting out. All was quiet and still around her. Then—

"Can you climb down the side," asked Cora, "or must I?"

"I must, if anybody, I guess. I'd like to see you try it, Miss Sinatorum."

The young woman and man was feeling his way backward, step by step, down the steep, when Cora, looking, glanced in a bushes and the rocky edges, moving slowly and cautiously, but with little fear, for she was sure and steady of foot. The rope, too, which Cora had felt might be needed, was secured to the tree above.

He knew that he must have neared the base of the precipice, for he could hear the sound of water flowing near him, but the shadows were too deep for him to distinguish anything. However, he remembered that there was a projecting ridge near the bottom, and he felt for it with his foot, feeling one foot cautiously, while with the other he kept a firm footing, he soon struck the projection he sought.

Then Ezra pulled gently at the rope for Miss Verner, who, slightly dizzy, paused to stooped and crept along the ledge of rock. His foot struck against—he could tell by nothing; yet, as he moved along the shelf, his foot came in contact with a body which was apparently that of a human. He bent over and touched it.

"Woman!" he muttered.

It was the figure of a woman, and lay motionless. She had evidently fallen—had fallen across the chest, while the other hung lifelessly by its side. A few feet more, and the ledge of rock precipitated itself into the flat rock which formed the bank of the stream below. In such a case, death had been inevitable.

"Who can it be this death?

Such, indeed, was old Ezra's first conclusion, and a superstitious dread—the horror of the supernatural—came over him. Trembilingly he examined the body, and soon satisfied himself that life was not extinct.

Then his voice reached Cora like a whisper.

"She's livin'! It's a woman, sure 'nough."

"Can I raise her if you fasten the rope?" she called down to him.

"Not by a jug-full!"

"What is to be done? You must stay there while I run to the village for help."

"I shouldn't wonder of she'd be as dead as Julius Seize-her 'fore they get here, Miss'me, too," he added in a lower tone.

"Why should I reach the stream with her, think you?"

"Just as easy."

"Then do so, please. There is a bont a short distance above—at least there was yesterday—I can get it and pull down to where you are."

"Good for you! That's the ticket."

Tossing the rope down to the old man, Cora St. Orme started for the landing, some hundred yards above the base of the cliff, and soon had the boat which she found there manned. A few rapid strokes of the oars in her experienced hands, and she was alongside the rock where stood old Ezra, watching by the silent form he had rescued.

"Is she conscious?" Cora asked.

"Seems rather so now. I've been an' splashed water onter her."

"That is well. Lower her, as gently as you can, into the boat."

Old Ezra was strong and sinewy, and this was accomplished without difficulty. The next moment he had taken the oars, while Miss St. Orme supported the stranger's head in her lap, and was pulling for a point near the part of the town in which the landing was situated.

Soon he paused.

"Must we or I ain't the forgettinist!" he said, decidedly.

"Why?" while it drew a small flask from his breast pocket.

"I make it a p'int—leastwise I must gin'ly—to never leave' nuthin' in case o' 'xcidents like this hyer, an' in their 'citement I clean disremembered it."

The flask was passed over to Miss St. Orme, who succeeded in getting the rescued stranger to swallow some of its contents. Ezra did not "disremember" to replace the flask when it was returned to him.

The whisky revived the woman to such a degree that she sat up, but the boat she was not only able to walk with the assistance of the sweet Ezra, but had regained the power of speech sufficiently to tell in what part of the village she was residing. Thither she was taken, but in no way in their questioning as to how the accident, if such it was, had occurred could they learn.

They must excuse her now, she said. She was grateful, and would call on them next day; for Miss St. Orme—would kindly call upon her; but she was too weak now to talk.

So they left her at her lodgings.

It was the next train that evening fall over the cliff had been broken throughout the descent by the many obstructions in the way, she had providentially escaped, if entirely at the projection; and that beyond the bank of the stream, that she was unhurt. However that may have been, Cora St. Orme was not satisfied to leave things on the moment. When she called, according to promise, she was informed that the lady had left by the train that afternoon.

"Was she likely to return?" Cora inquired.

They fancied not. At least, she had intimated nothing of the kind.

She left her address, no message, for Miss St. Orme?

"No, whatever."

Cora was sorry. Apart from her very natural interest, she had found in the stranger something which she felt might belong to the mysterious stranger. It was a gold sleeve-button with a blue stone in the top of the cliff while old Ezra was below, and which had fallen from her hand.

This she showed the landlady.

The latter did not recognize it. Her lodger had worn no such thing at it; she was certain. The initial, too, was not hers. Her name began with a "P," and this was a "J."

With this, Miss St. Orme had perforce to be content, and Ezra had quiet his curiosity as best he might with the gratuity Cora gave him for his services. She thought that was the end of it, but she was to be discovered, that they say nothing of the affair they had found in the hand of the rescued upon the old man. The sleeve-button she handed to Ralph Rohan, as the young gentleman the sole confidant of the mystery; hinting to him, at the same time, a suspicion that it belonged to the lady that she would.

He laughed as he put the trinket in his pocketbook.

A childish prejudice, Cora, if you will pardon my saying so, for such a sensible young lady as you to indulge in. Now, I took particular notice of the woman, she you know?"

"Very absurd of you it was," she replied, by no means pleased; "he impressed me just the other way."

"Ah! Then I object to meeting him. I take it?"

"On the contrary, I am anxious to meet him."

CHAPTER IV.

THE GRAND OPPORTUNITY.

"Permit me, Mr. Polinski, to have the honor of introducing to you Mr. Larkin Lawless, patriot, Mr. Larkin Lawless."

Thus Dermot McDermot who performed this introduction.

"Honored, I'm sure," said Lawless, bowing low, and with his most taking smile.

"Mr. Lawless is not entirely unknown to me," continued Polinski, also graciously and with his accustomed politeness.

"Your name is well known, thanks to the daily papers, as the President."

Polinski smiled gravely, and addressed Lawless.

"What is going on across the water?" he asked. "Your name is associated with many, but they tell us little—little, that is, that is of any value. Of course, I know that nothing of the inner workings of great movements like ours——"

"Are likely to talk to tell," replied Lawless, "and less, I fear, that is cheering. The Irish people are tired of waiting, and are even in making too many concessions."

"Ah! Then you have come on a mission," put in McDermott. "Trust the boys to keep the national idea afoot; and, in the meantime, you are to be the dupe."

"Little enough, at best," said the Nihilist. "Ireland is a country that is doubly poor of selling your birthright for a mess of pottage."

"Laying ourselves open to the charge of doing so, at all events," agreed Lawless.

"For what else?" asked the Pole, "are to confess I think the ablest way is the best way. I'm for taking all that's offered, or that can be had for the begin', and this, like Oliver Twist, askin' for more. The rest will come in good time, silver fish."

"Yes, but when?" demanded the Pole, passionately. "They will never give you your rights until they are compelled by force to do so. For what are you waiting? Are there not fifteen millions of you in America?"

"Very true, me frind, but the time has not come yet."

"Come and gone," was the Nihilist's retort, "but it may return."

"More power to it!" McDermot almost shouted; "but I see Major Warder is lookin' as if he expected me to join him, an' as the auld man is open to conviction, I may make a convert of him, who knows?"

"What did you mean just now, may I ask," said Lawless, when their companion had left them, "by your last remark?"

Polinski scrutinized the young man's face closely, but expert though he was in deciphering facial hieroglyphics, he was at fault now. It was little wonder. Lark Lawless had a physiognomy that would have deceived the elect.

"You are young and discreet," said the Pole, at length; "and I feel you are honest. Are you willing to be intrusted with a secret in a great undertaking?"

"That depends."

"I want your promise."

"I cannot promise in the dark."

"I will not receive it of you, then. All I ask is that you pledge inviolable secrecy."

"I can promise you that much in any event," answered Lawless. "However, if you do not feel that my co-operation is necessary, I can see no need for your burdening me with your confidence."

Lark began to fear that the proposed scheme might not pan out to his personal advantage after all, and having already many useless commodities in his keeping, he had no desire to be weighed down with any more of the same description.

He had come to Eastlake, as we have seen, partly commissioned, but considerably on his account to see in what way the cause of Nihilist could be utilized, and he now found that the old conspirator was not to be easily considered him—had some grand project of his own brewing.

"I have need of you," said Polinski.

"Very good, then. I am ready to hear what you have to say."

"I have said that Ireland's opportunity may come again. It may be nearer than her most sanguine sons dream of. One word—if a blow could be struck—it could be clearly shown that a blow, and a decisive one, could be struck for liberty—would Ireland strike it?"

"Most assuredly. But it would have to be a decisive one. Too much has been too many feeble and ineffectual ones already. Her sons have struck too often to care to make another effort until assured that they can strike home."

"With the assurance, would it be done?"

"Not the least doubt of it."

"Then, I think," said Polinski, "You have herd of, indeed you must remember, the mutiny in India?"

Lawless nodded.

"That was when you missed it," said the Pole.

"In what way?"

"You missed then, let me tell you, the only real chance ever had. If you had struck at that time, Ireland would have been free now."

"You really believe that?"

"I do. But the opportunity was lost. Opportunity, however, as I have remarked, sometimes returns, and I can see that the time is coming for another."

"I wish I could," put in Lawless, with a gloomy shake.

"Look around you, my young friend, and see it! Russia, the whole world can see, is preparing for war with another upstart in the Orient. Yes, and I am relieved at it; for, whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. The double-headed eagle is preparing for its own destruction."

"I can hardly think that."

"Can you not? Well, you may. Believe me, when I tell you that the whole of the Indian magazine, she lights a fire that flames around the world."

"And then"

"And then, Russia and England, their hands full with each other—Ireland declares her independence."

"I see."

"Of course you do, but do you see what follows? Well, then, I will tell you. Polish provinces—yes, Turkey herself—hurl themselves upon the hordes of the Romanoff, and the Russian bear in Desert will pour in his countless thousands at the same time. England will not be idle, and the Austro-Hungary will rise up against Austria."

"A grand picture, indeed!"

"It is," exclaimed the enthusiast. "But that is not all. Wherever an oppressed people exists, then is the time for that people to strike a final and decisive blow. Do you know that the We Nihilists everywhere wave it?"

"And are you ready?"

"Always. We have done much even now. And we can see much farther even than I have pictured. Ireland and her own quarrel. She longs for Trieste, and she will take it. None can hinder. There is but one thing lacking, and now it has come."

"And that?"

"Can you not see? Germany must again become embroiled with France. But we are strong enough to manage that."

"What do you mean by 'we'?"

"Our societies of every name throughout Europe. And that is done, my friend, and it will be. It only remains for Ireland to see the dawn, and be up and doing."

"I perceive that. But how, Mr. Polinski, is this to be promoted in the meantime?"

"How can you be preparing? Money and arms, or money now, the arms will come later—you will have no scarcity of both when the time arrives."

"Then that is it. Then, what you counsel is that we act in concert with your societies in Europe?"

"Just that, and let that be the understanding. You, I feel assured, have the confidence of your countrymen. With such a scheme, with such a future in the grasp of your people, the millions called for will be forthcoming."

The face of Lark Lawless seemed transfigured, but the light upon it was misunderstood by the old enthusiast.

"Ah! It rejoices you, my friend. Already you see, in anticipation, your land taking her place among the nations of the earth. It is the one way. All your parliamentary and dynamite are child's play—money wanted."

"I begin to think so."

Polinski and Lawless, during this conversation, had been seated in a little grove at some distance from the village. They now arose, and walked toward the temporary home of the Nihilist, which was not far distant.

They had taken leave of the visionary counsellor, but instead of proceeding to his hotel, turned aside and seated himself once more in a secluded spot not far from the one they had left.

When the two men had closed their conference, and turned their backs upon the clump of trees behind which they had been seated, had they glanced around they might have seen emerge from behind a tree at a little distance the form of one who had evidently been listening to all that had passed between them.

Carelessly the stranger strolled along the road toward the town. He was slight, dark and beardless, but by no means boyish in appearance; indeed, his face wore a look of determination that might have belonged to one of more mature years.

"Now, then, for war and chaos!" he muttered, with a grim smile. "And that is Ireland's opportunity! Ireland is established, and look for a man, or a miracle, to erect a perfect superstructure on such a foundation!

"But this poor old Wandering Jew is harmless. He will never get many followers in this country, even among my countrymen, so impractical and impractical as so many of them are. Simple old dreamer! To confide in such a villainous hypocrite as that Polinski—ha, ha, ha! Wretch would sell his father, to say nothing of his self-respect, for a price!

"Then, turning, he saw that Lawless had returned and seated himself at a point from where he had been before. A slight circuit, and the stranger was in concealment once more, but a few feet from them.

"Ha! ha!" he heard the trusted friend of Polinski say. "Money he needs only money, and there is money in it whatever way one looks at it. Only make me assurance, and—"

"And what, in the name of good?" What a chance to work with them, and sell them both! Ha! ha! perhaps, when all is ready, arms and ammunition are ready to be landed in Ireland, they will betray each other, who knows? No one will ever suspect me."

"No one, very likely, my prince of plotters, but one will know."

CHAPTER V.

WHERE IS SHE?

When Lark Lawless parted with McDermot, on the evening of his arrival in Eastlake, he was in possession of the lucid fog enough to remove the dust that had accumulated upon his memory during the journey from New York, and, without waiting for his dinner, set out for a walk. His object was to get rid of Polinski, a scheme which would meet with Polinski's countenance, notwithstanding that the old anarchist had one of his own ready made, and he had no desire for the companionship of any one for the present, himself.

But companionship is sometimes forced upon one, and in the case of Lawless this occasion to find it.

He had taken a turning in the shaded roadway beyond which the roofs of Eastlake were no longer visible, and was on the point of retracing his steps when he was confronted by a figure which we have seen before. Major Warder, in fact, whom Lark Lawless had not rusted in more than a year. It was that of the woman who had recognized him in the train talking with Dermot McDermot a short time previous.

The sight of her seemed to strike before him like an accusing specter, and such it was evident she was in the young man's mind.

His voice was the first to break the silence.

"Miss Molyneux!"

"Yes. Anne Molyneux. I had little doubt that you would know me, though I thought as little as I had that I would yet find you."

"Find me!" he repeated, the tone of vindictiveness to make light of the encounter. "really, without vanity, I had fancied that you had no great difficulty in finding me, to find in New York."

"Possibly so, but how about Boston?"

"What do you mean?"

"Did you not represent yourself to Alleen as a widow? Could you, even while in Clousmel, give so much as a hint that your wife was living?"

"Perhaps not. When a man is on a mission, Miss Molyneux, could you—while in Clousmel, give so much as a hint that your name was Anne?"

"Deceiver! Has any one dare hind that in my labors for the League I was other than honest and straightforward?"

"Honest and straightforward to one who could assume a virtue though he had it not, Miss Anne! What care I for the political game you may have made, the hundreds of unsuspecting dollars you may have collected? My deluded countrymen seem destined to be duped on every side. But let that go. What I have to ask you is connected with your crowning act of deceit and villainy! Where is she? Where is she? You have been in search of you! Where is my sister—where is Alleen Molyneux?"

"Alleen! Is she not with you in Cork? She was recognized when you were on the eve of embarking from Queenstown."

"And if so?"

The air of bravado with which Lawless said this was clearly assumed.

"If so?" the woman said, fiercely, "Can you ask me, then, why I have sought you? Why I am here? What have you done with her?"

"Better inquire what she has done with herself."

Anne Molyneux grasped him by the throat.

"Fiend!" she cried. "Do you dare hint to me that she has been driven to self-destruction?"

He shook the woman off with difficulty.

"What do you mean by this mad attack upon me? Why should I be held accountable for the movements of the most eccentric of her sex, for the vagaries and quixotism of one—charming though she be—like Alleen Molyneux?"

"Because—will you force me to speak of what is such bitter shame and grief to me?—because, Lark Lawless, because she should now be your wife!"

"Which you know she is not."

"And is not that enough for me, enough to bring me on my errand of vengeance?"

"What! Your sister is well able to look after herself."

"Then you do know where she is?"

"No, Miss Molyneux, I do not. I have told you the truth."

"You have had the ring of truth, and his eye the expression of it. The look and the tone which, a little later, deceived Paul Polinski with all his knowledge of the world, could not deceive Anne Molyneux."

"You have told the truth, but not the whole truth," she said. "Think you that, were not the whole truth to fall upon us through your villainy and my poor Alleen's credulity well known to me and to all who knew her, I should be here a wanderer, a would-be Nemesis?"

"You have not told me yet how you came here, of all places—how you come to be in search of me—my address. You surely were not on the mad quest you spoke of just now when you lighted down in this sequestered spot?"

"What matters it? I am here, and I have found you. If you are anything of a gentleman it must accur to you that I have been led."

"It looks deucedly like it," he whispered to himself. "Now that Alleen is lost, I'm den'awy somewhere in these parts? Hardly. I fancy that Alleen is within a few thousand miles, I had been her game before this."

Then, aloud, he said in his most insinuating way:

"This is really an absurd idea that has taken possession of you, Miss Molyneux. If your visitor has left Ireland I am not aware of it. I admit, since you have somehow come into possession of the fact, that the poor child was foolish enough and romantic enough to come on to Queenstown to see me when I sailed. It was a foolish and silly escapade of the dear girl, though highly complimentary to me, of course, and one which I would fain have concealed from you and from every one. But there it is!"

"A lie!" Anne Molyneux almost screamed. "Alleen left with you—I know it!"

"Then why ask?"

The accomplished hypocrite looked a trifle uneasy.

"That was the last seen of her."

"Oh!" The exclamation was clearly one of relief.

"Circumstantial at most," he said. "Was there no direction she could have taken except that of the course of empire, no city of refuge nearer than the land of the free? She may have gone to England, or gone on the continent. She may be buried in Cork, or—in the grave."

"I wish to Heaven she was!" he whispered to himself.

"Alleen is in America," said her sister, calmly, but in a decided tone of voice.

"You seem assured of that."

"I am."

"Well, if that be so," said Lawless, after a pause, "I may be able to assist you in your search. Apart from the very natural desire I have to clear myself from the groundless suspicion you have formed, I feel a real interest in 'Alleen, alanna,' and would be more than glad to know of her safety and well-being."

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"You would not!" said the woman, fiercely. "Either you know where she is, or you would fain never hear of her again. If the latter, then I shall tell you that which before we part, I trust you in nothing."

"I can't be unreasonable, Anne," he pleaded. "You are unjust, but then you are excited, and with reason. That, as I can make allowances. Let us talk this matter over calmly as we may, and, if anything to be gained by criminations and recriminations."

Nothing, except that you should know my opinion of you."

By this time, Lark Lawless and his strange companion had reached that point on the suburban road which bordered on "Lovers' Leap." A fallen tree, a few feet from the roadside, and the somewhat grassed scenery suggested that they seat themselves.

He could not help thinking that this woman, like nearly every man and woman whom he had thought it worth an effort to fool, would yield to his blandishments of voice and manner. Indeed, so accomplished a dissembler was Lark Lawless that he had more than once persuaded himself that he was sincere.

Miss Molyneux, attired with excitement, Miss Molyneux took the seat to which he pointed, and he seated himself near her. He had made up his mind as to the tactics he should pursue.

"All this is very hard on me," he began, "but I must remember that from your point of view, Miss Molyneux, it must be a very hard on you also. You think, to begin with, that I gained your ear, that I never can at least I never thought of doing so.

"As a matter of fact, I could probably have foreseen the possibility that a young and susceptible girl, with little knowledge of the world, would allow her sentiments entirely under control. Indeed, I confess, was my error. When I saw the danger, and knew I could not in honor remain longer, I took the only course left me, and, from my point of view, as speedily as possible, and sailed for home."

"And why would you not have claimed—"

"Honor forbade. My affections were pledged elsewhere."

"And are now, I suppose?"

"Firmly and irrevocably."

Another lie, Lark Lawless! You have seen this evening a fellow-countryman of Miss Molyneux's, McDermot?"

"Well, and what of it?"

"He has friends here, and you saw some of them, also?"

"I may have done so."

"And among them one Miss St. Orme."

"Again I ask, what of it?"

"Simply this, that, since your not forfeit advances in that quarter. Ha, Lark Lawless, I have you! Coralie St. Orme is wealthy, Alleen Molyneux was poor. Why, lying adventurer, I will balk you there!"

"Then, with a staggering shock, and Anne Molyneux went crashing among the rocks below, down the steep side of Lovers' Leap.

This extraordinary story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Our comrades and patterns are still offered free to all subscribers who are advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Preserving the Peace.

Bronch Bill—I was talkin' with an Eastern man today, and he says when two fellers in his section have a dispute, they just go to law and sue each other for damages or somethin'.

Hair-Trigger Ike—But how about the loser? Don't he get a run at try to git even?

Bronch Bill—Waal, as near as I kin make out, by the time the loser has paid the lawyers, he ain't got no money to buy guns.

LOVE'S GUILTY DREAM;

OR

THE IDOL OF THE REGIMENT . . .

By ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE.

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CHAPTER XII.

A DIVORCE IN HIGH LIFE.

Since the day the Marquis du Terrail had left his guests in pursuit of his faithless wife and her lover, no one of his whereabouts had come to his friends, and during the winter which followed they were kept in the agonies of dread and fear. Toward spring, however, word was received at the castle that the master was to return within a week.

In the time he arrived, but a changed man. His face was hollow and wan, his eyes had a tragic, haunted look, and his past dignified calm had replaced by a prickly restlessness. From morning to night he was in his saddle, taking endless rides throughout the country, always alone, always brooding over his dark thoughts.

One of his friends, hearing of the miserable life he was leading, decided to visit him at the castle. Du Terrail received neither surprise nor pleasure when he saw his visitor, but after dinner as they were smoking in the billiard room, Pierre said to his guest:

"I see why you came, D'Arville, but do not be angry if I tell you that for a few months I prefer to remain alone here. An unmerited misery has been forced upon me, my heart has been almost broken. It will be some little time before I can pick up the severed threads of my life and re-unite the past and the present."

Monsieur du Terrail smoked on in silence for a time, his eyes fixed blankly off in the darkness of the night, which had fallen over the park, concealing all objects from his view. His friend, respecting the suffering so clearly marked on the weary face before him, did not speak. At last Pierre looked at his companion, and, throwing away his cigar, rose to his feet and said:

"You wish to know the history of my life —since my left me? Well, listen."

"Don't tell me, du Terrail," objected his friend, taking pity on the miserable wretch before him; "it would renew your pain to speak of those things."

The Marquis laughed harshly, and then replied:

"No, it will not pain me any more, since the one I loved with such blind passion I now hate and scorn with an equal force. What I would tear my heart out and kill me by inches is that I did not find them—that I could not wait a week to call on my name with the blood of the guilty.

"If I had succeeded in my plan of vengeance I could breathe with greater ease, for my rage would have found an outlet. But I did not find them, and told the world when she said that their plans were well laid. And to be the thought of their happiness, guilty though it be, that is driving me to madness. She prefers 'love's guilty dream to living in innocence.' Oh, God, that I should be powerless to awaken them from their dream by the vengeance then but in the sleep of death!"

He dropped back on his chair and buried his head in his hands. It was some time before he spoke again. At last he looked up and said:

"Pardon my wild words, but it does me good to speak of the things which for so many months I have kept concealed in my heart. Let me tell you what I have endured since that terrible night, and you will see if I am not to be pitied."

There was another pause, during which the tick-tick of the clock fell shrilly upon the ear. Pierre did not speak, for he felt that with such despair as du Terrail's the silent sympathy of a heart which understood was more than cold words of compassion.

"Marie's actions had surprised me for some time, but I simply feared for her health, which was failing, so easily excited, gay one instant, depressed the next, tender one minute, cold and indifferent a few moments after. I noticed this, yet no doubt came to my heart."

"Did you notice also the admiration of other men for her? Did you not see how ardent were Lucien de Lorgnac's attentions?" interrupted his friend, "if you did not, everybody else did, and had it been any of any other man, would have spoken to you about it. But to tell a man as deeply in love as you were that his wife was on the point of deceiving him, was too delicate a mission for any one to willingly undertake."

"Yes, I saw the admiration of others, but I was so sure of her virtue that these homages to her beauty pleased my vanity. As to him and his frequent presence in our home, she gave me an explanation which I believed. A certain young lady whose name I will not drag into this story of shame was in love with—with de Lorgnac"—that name coat him an effort to pronounce—"and Marie told me that she was helping the lovers, for the girl's parents would not hear of the match. My love was so great that I did not even think of doubting her words."

He passed his hand over his brow and continued in unsteady tones:

"You can judge by the trust I placed in her what must have been the shock when I read her letter. This blow struck me in the fullness of my bliss; in one instant all my bright dreams vanished and I found myself confronted with shame and dishonor. For an instant I thought I would go mad. My heart ceased to beat, for all the blood rushed from my eyes. One instant I remained crushed by the blow; the next I rushed down the stairs, no longer conscious of my acts. It was the only when in saddle, and my maddened horse carried me rapidly through the night, that some calm came to me and I could collect my ideas and my scheme of vengeance.

"I sought for her letter, wishing to destroy it. I could not find it, and with a wild of despair and rage I removed that I had left it behind, and that already the story of my shame must be on every lip.

"This thought only strengthened my longing for vengeance and aided me to put a little order in my thoughts. I slackened the speed of my horse which until now had been driven at its highest speed, and looked about me to see what direction I had taken. I saw that I was some few miles from Vitry-le-Francais. I continued my course in that direction, and some fifteen minutes later I arrived at the entrance to a railway station.

"My thoughts now collected enough by this time to give me the faculty of thinking, I had no doubt that Marie and her lovers had taken the train, but a superstitious hope made me confident that my wife was still in the town of Vitry-le-Francais. And I was not mistaken, since in answer to my questions the man at the station told me that during the afternoon a gentleman answering to the description of de Lorgnac had taken two tickets for Paris.

"I followed fast on their track and from place to place I went on their flight, even as far as Paris. Then I lost all trace of them, although I made every effort to find them. I traveled over Europe seeking them, but all in vain. At last I gave up the search

band of cloudy sky visible from the window by which she lay.

She was thinking of Pierre du Terrail, who, her maid had told her, had called every day during her illness. And in her thoughts she relived the agony she had endured since that night at the Castle du Terrail when she had discovered that she loved the Marquis du Terrail.

Yes, she had suffered, at first to see his blind love for his wife, later to think of his misery and his shame. All through the scandal of the divorce court, while the noble name of du Terrail was dragged into the shame and disgrace into which Marie had fallen, she endured through the sympathy of her love all the dolor which must have tortured Pierre's heart.

But when, freed by the law, he returned into society and paid attention to her, hope began to find birth in her heart. This hope was mingled with some fear, some unreasoned dread for the future, which to a certain extent darkened the dawning light. And this oppression was more marked than ever, and, almost unconsciously, tears filled her eyes.

At that moment the bell of the street door sounded and a servant entered the room a few moments later, bearing a card on a tray, saying as her mistress took the card:

"Monsieur le Marquis du Terrail asks to be admitted."

Lady Hilton hesitated; her heart beat with such rapidity that she could not speak. She rose in a sitting position, then, fearing her emotion might be noticed, said:

"You may have him shown up here."

A few minutes later Pierre du Terrail was bowing before her and pressing the hand she extended to him. After he had expressed his delight to see her looking better, and spoken of the usual subjects that characterize the beginning of a conversation, du Terrail relapsed into silence, and – while Lady Hilton said:

"You are very brave, Marquis, to weather this thick to come to see me."

"Oh!" and a touch of passion stole into his tone, "what would I not weather for the sake of seeing you, of feasting my eyes on the marvelous beauty of your face!"

With these words he rose and, taking a seat by her side on the divan, continued as he seized her hands in his burning clasp: "Lady Judith, have you not already guessed my secret? Do you not know that I love you?"

She started violently; all the blood left her face and rushed to her heart, making it throb painfully.

"You love me!" she repeated after him, "you love me!" as though she did not realize that so much could be her's for coming as it did after those months of waiting and suffering.

"You seem surprised, Lady Judith," continued the passionate voice by her side. "Well, and am I, had any one told me a year ago that I would speak of love to any woman but my—— but Marie, I would have laughed to scorn and unbelief. Yet those twelve months have brought many changes and much pain to me——"

With an unconscious pressure of her hand Lady Hilton manifested her sympathy and Pierre continued, answering its mute expression of pity:

"Yes, I know that you have pitied me, and that was the first thing which drew me to you. Let me speak once more of that past, then I will put it aside and never allude to it again. As you must have guessed, I was passionately in love with my wife, but I found her cold and indifferent to my affection. Still this indifference only served to fan my love into a conquering passion. Besides, I cherished a hope in some day gain her love in return. How that hope was destroyed you know, but what you were powerless to guess is that my love died a violent death when I saw how I had been deceived. My love was dead, but in its place a desire for revenge found birth, and my life had only one aim—to find the guilty lover and my wife's dishonor and shame on my name."

Du Terrail had pronounced these words in a low, hoarse voice, whose sounds nevertheless, resounded with painful cadences throughout the room. For a few moments he remained silent, his head was bowed, a strange, wild look was in his eyes.

At last he looked up and fixed on the trembling woman by his side a look which burned with passion and desire, then said:

"When I saw you for the first time, Judith, I simply admired your beauty, and I found great enjoyment in your intelligence; but love you—I did not even think that such a thing could be possible. Yet when, after my divorce, I saw you again, the most sympathy of you drew my own wounded heart toward you, and unconsciously I gave itself to you forever. From it, Judith, and maze me the happiest of men, after having been the most miserable.

"And if you cannot return my affection, let no jealous fear of that first wife's share your happiness, for the passion I had for her I now lavish upon you with stronger ardor, gained, it seems, from the experience of the past.

"Judith, you must not refuse me, you must not take away from the last hope that makes me wish to continue life. I must have you. I must crush my every shadow of strength in the sweetness of your love—or in a moment of folly I would forget God's prohibition against suicide is the coward's means of evading misery, and I would end a life no longer worthy of being lived. Answer me, Judith—answer by a 'Yes,' which, in sealing my bliss, will make me your slave, will make of you my idol."

Judith had heard his words with a painful delight. She had not taken her hands from his clasp, and the almost cruel pressure of his fingers seemed to denote the extent of his love. She slowly lifted her eyes which until then she had kept downcast, and meeting his with a flame of passion as strong as his own, said:

"Monsieur du Terrail, it is with pleasure that I accept your offer of marriage. I will try——"

She could say no more, for she felt herself clasped in his arms, and his lips pressing hers in a passionate kiss silenced her. She hastily disengaged herself, and blushing and panting for breath, she rose and, extending her hand in farewell, said:

"I believe that our interview has lasted long enough for today, Marquis. You can call tomorrow at this time and we will see about the announcement of our engagement, but for the present it is better to separate."

Du Terrail rose and, seizing her hand, said:

"Before I go, Judith, I long to hear you tell me in words if you love me as I love you."

Gravely she bowed her head, then with infinite tenderness answered:

"I do."

Pierre looked at her for an instant, and with a last pressure of her hand, he left her. He had gained what he sought; he would soon be the husband of the most beautiful, as well as the most cultured, woman in France, and those who had pitied and scorned him would envy him now.

CHAPTER XV.

IRENE AS A FRIEND.

Since the day Henri de Treves had taken dinner with the Duc de La Motte, he had become a constant visitor at the Duc's home. He had a serious talk with his uncle, during which the old man had spoken again of his intention for Marguerite's future. Being a man of scrupulous honesty, the old gentleman had not concealed from his nephew Marguerite's love affair with Lucien de Longnac. When speaking of this he had remarked:

"This love of hers must not cause you the least anxiety for the future, since a girl can't reach the age of twenty without having been in love several times. Falling in love between the ages of fifteen and twenty is one of the stages to which budding womanhood is subject. Yet supposing that these excursions she was accompanied only by a groom, since the Duchess and her daughter preferred to take this gentle exercise of a drive in the brougham.

One morning Irene was rolling down an avenue of the park at the breakneck pace she affected, but which was the despair of the groom whose duty it was to keep within twenty paces of her. Suddenly the sound of another horse in hot pursuit caused her to turn her head. When she saw the rider, she reined her horse so suddenly that the beast reared in the air.

Henri du Treves came up at this moment and as he lifted his hat said with his usual bright smile:

"You are a splendid horsewoman, Mademoiselle Irene. I never realized it so well as today, as I tried to catch up with you."

Irene laughed as she replied:

"I know how to ride before I could read. It is therefore natural that I should feel perfectly at home on a horse. Besides, Black Sir suits me exactly, and I am going to see if Raoul can't purchase him of the Duc, for my horse Lou is getting old. I have ridden her since childhood."

They were side by side, their horses going at a gentle trot, much to the relief of the groom, who had never enjoyed those wild races through the park. Irene looked at her companion with a meaning smile and remarked:

"How does it come that you are out so early when the Duchess and her daughter only drive after ten?"

His face became grave as he answered: "I wanted to speak to you."

"Speak to me!" she repeated in surprise. "Why, don't you see me enough during the day?"

"Yes, but I wanted to see you alone, and that is impossible at my uncle's home, since the Duchess does not give us a second to ourselves."

"I see alone!" she exclaimed, as an uneasy frown gathered on her brow; then, looking him full in the face, she asked: "Why?"

He smiled as he read the thought that by his visit he would bring Irene to lose her usual self-possession. Wishing to put her at ease at once he remarked:

"I have guessed that from the first days of our acquaintance I could depend upon you as an old friend, so I thought to consult you before speaking to Marguerite about the matter I have at heart."

Marguerite's name chased the clouds which had gathered on Irene's brow. She was herself again, and with an amused laugh, rejoined:

"Consult me! If the Duchess could hear, how she would sneer, for that dear lady does not think that a girl of my age can be found in my madcap head. She is certain that my every thought is devoid of the very matter so necessary to intelligence."

"The Duchess and I differ on that point, since I think that besides having more than your share of intelligence, you have a heart of gold."

A flush of pleasure crimsoned her cheeks and her eyes beamed as she asked wistfully:

"Must I consider your words as a compliment, or as the truth?"

"As the truth," was his prompt reply. "You are to me one of the sweetest types of womanhood, and it is a source of great pleasure to know that you are Marguerite's friend."

He did not add that with such a worldly mother as the Duchess Irene's presence was the needed antidote for the poison of hypocrisy which the young girl would naturally imbibe from such a mother.

Marguerite's name brought the conversation back to its starting point, and Irene asked:

"You wish to consult me about Marguerite; I am willing to answer, though I fear I will not be as good a counsellor as you seem to think."

He remained silent for a few minutes. The bright light had died from his face and he bit his lip, for he was going to speak of a subject that was most painful to him. Besides, on Irene's answer depended the future, and for the first time did he realize how much he loved his cousin. But seeing that his silence surprised his companion he said:

"You surely must have heard what is my uncle's desire about Marguerites and myself. I am the next heir to the title, and besides having no son, I desire that his daughter should inherit the old name. Our relationship is distant enough, as we are first cousins, and I should be perfectly contented to follow my uncle's desires if I did not love——"

Here he was interrupted by a merry laugh from Irene. He looked at her somewhat hurt by her lack of gravity, but she hastened to explain the cause of her outburst of mirth.

"Pardon me if I laugh, but it is really ridiculous for a man of the world like you to let a man loses all intelligence and becomes stupid and blinded on things which are the most evident about him. He leads a life of doubt and continual fears."

She paused for an instant another to fear the future, for Marguerite loved once, and nothing can be more natural. "Love is not still love that man."

"What!" she cried, "who has been so cruel as to tell you that silly story?"

"My uncle, himself," was the grave reply.

"The Duc de La Motte is too fond of my Marguerite without first knowing the story of Lucien de Longnac. And he was wise in telling me, since it is better for me to know the story now than to hear of it after marriage. But it is because I do know that I am afraid to speak to Marguerite, and that I wanted your help for the sake of her heart."

Irene was going to answer, but he continued hurriedly, not wishing her to misunderstand his meaning:

"Do not think that I am narrow-minded enough to reproach her ever with that romance of her early youth, but I fear that is that she may marry me out of spite, simply to prove that she had forgotten her faithless love, that she had rapidly replaced him. That one thought my pride as a man and my love as a husband could not support. If I marry her, I must be sure that she loves me because she loves me, and not her vengeance, tells her to."

"Would it be enough to still your doubts if I were to affirm to you that Marguerite never loved this man?"

"She never loved him!" he cried, as a beam of hope dispersed the clouds from his face. "How can you affirm such a thing since her own father says——"

"I can swear to you that she never loved him. Listen to a few words and you will see how that happened. The Duchess has always had the desire to see her daughter married early, and to secure which would take her as far as possible from Paris social circles. It is useless for us to mince matters, for, as you know, the Duchess is not that the Duchess is somewhat jealous of Marguerite's success. You see that Duchess de La Motte has been a beauty in her time; she has had a host of admirers and admirers about her, and it has become second nature for her to be queen wherever she goes. Into this scene appeared a boy, and some woman than a homely one, and a grown daughter takes from the fresh adolescence of a still youthful face and figure.

"So Marguerite was only necessary when the Duchess forced the Duc to consent that their daughter should be introduced into society at the end of the season. Marguerite would be off her hands—moreover, perhaps, to some powerful nobleman who would spend most of his life in his castles. Now, that she is here, she would have done her duty as mother, and at the same time Marguerite's absence from Parisian circles would prevent her from enjoy, for some ten years longer, her position as queen. Do you think that I accuse the Duchess of being a bad mother, for I simply think that she is a good woman misled by her love of self.

"Marguerite was too young when she entered society to notice that she was not a girl in ready to fall in love with the first man she meets, be he handsome or homely, young or old. She was a child, and only after twenty that a woman can look on love as a serious matter in itself. All men fondly believe they are their wives' first love, and most men are mistaken. Every girl has had from one to a dozen 'love affairs' before the day she experiences the real passion.

She spoke so frankly that he forgot he was talking to another woman, and he let fall the question:

"And you? Do you speak from experience?"

She laughed as she shook her head, then replied: "I have loved but one, and that one will some day be my husband. But you must not compare Marguerite to me, since it would be like trying to find points of resemblance between night and day. Remember, I never saw the restraints of the world. I was allowed to associate with man of all types, from the simple soldier to the general. I was not caged up as was Marguerite, and only allowed to view men from behind the gilded bars of my cage. I saw them every day, in good humor and in bad, until they became so common that my imagination scorned to make of any of

(Continued on page fifteen.)

"That question she can answer better than I."

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Free silver is one of the things that were.

Possibly Judge Parker wishes that Mr. Bryan had bolted.

A newly-married man looks like a new pair of shoes feels.

Paradoxical though it may seem, a spoiled child is always troublesome.

A man isn't too old to learn if he isn't too old to get married.

A man who can induce others to walk into his trap is a strategist.

Any Judge has one advantage over the lawyers; he gets the last guess.

It is a wise doctor who rests up for a week before the Fourth of July.

Nothing makes a girl so weary as to have a young man threaten to kiss her.

Religion makes a mighty poor shroud after it has been worn as a cloak.

Also there is need for a movement for "sane and safe" railway management.

If you do not believe that it was a glorious Fourth ask the insurance underwriters.

When a man begins to take whisky as a medicine he soon becomes a chronic invalid.

If a man doesn't acquire the reformation germ when he is sick there isn't much hope for him.

Never smoke a gift cigar in the presence of the donor unless you have wonderful self-control.

When angry turn your back to the other fellow and walk straight ahead while you count half a million.

When a woman hasn't anything else to do she rips up something useful and makes something ornamental.

From the results some Japanese Delilah must have cut General Samsonoff's hair before he made that attack.

It is wonderful how a ninety-eight pound woman can boss a 200-pound husband around in robust half inches.

Judge Parker must have a lively sense of the importance of first impressions now that he is about to make the acquaintance of the American public.

After toiling ten years at the washtub to support a worthless husband an Ohio woman sued a railroad company because it let one of its trains run over him.

IN MASQUERADE;

OR, THE LUCK OF A FREE LANCE.

BY WILLIAM R. EYSTER.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

I INVADE THE PALACE.

The revolution would have been all right so far as I was concerned had it not begun with an attempted assassination. It was that which brought me into the thick of the mêlé.

As I said, I had worked my way up to the front before the exercises opened. Fortunately for the President as well as myself, I halted there, stood with the rest and I could then obtain of the chief magistrate and some of the State notables, whilst I myself could remain modestly unconspicuous.

There was the single rank before me, and the crowd wedging closer to me sides and rear. I had no hint of what was coming until I saw the man immediately in front of me draw a knife.

That aroused my suspicions, but as he instantly dashed forward I had no opportunity nor time to prevent his attack. It barely possible I might have shirked the affair altogether had it not been for the rush which came from behind.

It took quick thought—if, indeed, I thought at all—to see the rising already, and the mob coming. In an instant more the President would be down. No one else interfered, and I alone happened to be on the spot. Consequences were gone over before I was going too. When the knife was raised my fist shot out.

It caught the assailant squarely, and he dropping as his hands flew up. He stumbled over the President, who had been just taken the alarm—and he to turn bluderfaced and fell, the two rolling over in a heap.

I recovered promptly from the force of my own blow, and with a kick sent the right sent in a straight stroke under the ear of the first nearest to me, which was the hand wrenching from his grasp a sawed-off musket which he had pulled from under his clothing. With this as a weapon I laid about me at a great rate. As all the rest were bewildered by the shock, none knowing what else to howl, gave a real, old-fashioned Yale yell.

I could not have been more surprised when I heard that war-cry duplicated almost at my elbow. There were two companions of the President came with a rush, a drawn sword in his hand, and began laying, thrusting, striking at the mob which had pushed forward and almost overwhelmed us.

Several guns went off, but fortunately we were protected from the mob immediately surrounding us. It was not easy to shoot in a withered concourse where all were on the revolutionary side. I was not playing light, and my unfortunate assailant found it in a headless-like way, as that three or four were down and others howling. Then came the cavalry, the troops scattering shots, followed by a regular volley. Immediately after a troop of horse-men forced their way to the spot, and before I knew it I had an almost fatal blow, which, whilst my friend with the sword was eagerly inquiring of the President whether he was hurt, he was not hurt. The revolution was quelled; the battle was over; the plot, such as it was, ended with an almost indicrous termination.

Of course, there was some further desultory fighting in the distance, some of the fugitives were to be pursued, and some few prisoners taken, but altogether it all turned out only an every-day, routine sort of movement, with some incidental sensational popularity until the next time.

The President had come out of it with credit because, though wounded, he was not conquered, and having seized his assailant by the throat as he fell, he was with the grips of grim death itself. If I had not knocked the fellow senseless in the first place he would have been strangled without a doubt. As he was not breathing anyway, the choking of course didn't make so much difference.

For a moment I stood there, feeling pretty much like a fool; and my head cleared only when I heard my friend say: "Colonel, you can caught me by the hand."

"Glad I am to meet you again; and especially glad that, thanks to your prompt-ness, this little affair has ended so pleasantly," he said, "and I congratulate you yours to command; and all that we have is at your disposal. A thousand pardons that I recall not your name, but it has escaped my mind in the excitement."

And the strangest thing of all was that I know the gentleman now. He came to old Bill when I was in the army, and of course we never had any particular acquaintance, but what of that? Had we not both been brooded over by the same alma mater? He had been shaking my hand with an effusion of cordiality; I gave him the regular northern gripe to show my own good will, excitement over.

"Pon me sowl, it's Alfaro! What wind blew you here?"

The brogue stumped him more than ever, though he took it all in good faith.

"This is the country of my nativity, from which I was but a temporary wanderer. I serve my country, and am in the confidence of His Excellency, to whom I would present you. Ah, my unfortunate memory! The name?"

"O'Rourke, of course. An' ye may as will add Major. 'Tis milithary are blut in prefidence in foreign parts."

Little time had been lost in our greetings, and now the President was for overhauling Senor Alfaro as his preserver; and Alfaro was in best plan I should receive due credit for my share in the suppression of the insurrection.

"With all his bare hands, unarmed, he attacked the assassin, whom I could not have reached in time. If thy life has been saved the glorious duty was given to him—to Major O'Rourke, an old friend and colleague-man in that time I was taking the education of the Americanos. Allow me to present him."

And just then it struck me that there was no reason why I should not air my Spanish, and in so doing drop my brogue, which would safe Alfaro a world of puzzling when he got his wits fairly about him.

When I took the proffered hand of the President I greeted him as cordially as I knew how, in my very best Castilian—and the thing was done. Alfaro was offsetted already; and I vowed that hereafter he should hear no more of a dialect which he certainly never had known within the walls of Yale.

So, there I was, arm in arm with the highest dignitary of the land, heading a triumphal procession for the reception at the palace. I thought to myself: "What would the widow say if she could see me now?"

Of course, there was no secret of the military, and an immense crowd of loyal citizens, the latter being only too glad to swarm out on a the fete day, now that they knew the insurrection was so suddenly and decidedly quelled.

I was a little suspicious of them myself; but the President made a speech from the porch of the palace, not seeming to be worried in the least, and I swarmed into the quadrangle formed with the university, the cathedral and the palace, and covering up the lamp posts, and making the welkin ring with their vivas. To this howling, shouting, cheering mass I was then introduced, with the added assurance that I was the representative of the Republic would be delighted to honor.

In the m..st of it all who should turn up but Campos.

He came into, but I could see that he was wholly taken by surprise at the sight of me. His gaze between terror and bewilderment I could not but enjoy.

"Yes, the sea has given up its dead," I assured him, still retaining my Spanish, and grasping his hand with real flesh and blood cordiality.

"And I hope sure that you were dead. What miracle is this? High and low we searched for you on the Panama, and the Marchmonts were almost disconsolate. I almost fancied that was why they left the vessel at the Canal."

"It is a long story. In brief, I was thrown overboard by pirates off Cuba by filibusteros, captured by the Spaniards, confined in a dungeon until at the eleventh hour, fought the whole Guatemala army as found at St. Thomas; and now here have escaped from the Republic. Pardon me for all well spent, these intervening days of one hundred."

"Ah, Major, trust your fighting blood to bring you into the midst of a mess. They are intending to inscribe your name on that short gun with which you did about so fearful end dreadful in the State archives. O'Rourke's name will be recorded along with that of Dewey. Seriously speaking, I am glad you have demonstrated your worth to these gentlemen. If, as you intimate, you have come on an errand, you need go no further."

I bent forward and spoke this in a low tone, while still holding his hand. His answer was prompt.

"Spend me! I will be at her service any convenient time. And, by the way, it seems lucky that I arranged your luggage. I considered this our trysting place, on the chance of your escaping, and so had it brought your effects along from the Panama. Come with me and gird on your sword, Major, and we will banquet to-night, and you will be all the better refreshed for the long stories of your grand uniform."

"That is as it may be," I answered, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Almost anything would be better than this; but it was well that was at hand, and I assure you I was not paying much attention to costume when I abandoned the Panama."

The President had turned to us, and I was again in the midst of homage of the vernacular. Campos noticed it, too.

"I understand your meaning when you compared your Spanish to your sword play. They are both of the finest."

"I understood your meaning when you accompanied your Spanish to your sword play. They are both of the finest."

"I understood your meaning when you compared your Spanish to your sword play. They are both of the finest."

Campos was on exceedingly friendly terms with the President; and if anything more had been needed to assure me of the footing our acquaintance would have clinched the matter.

The banquet was more or less confusion, with everything informal, but my friend never lost his head. I overheard him say:

"I had hoped to have had the honor of introducing him to Your Excellency, when, sooner or later, he presented himself. I think he has something to speak of which will be to the profit of yourself and the State. Since you have seen what manner of man he is you can better understand that his words are worth the listening to."

"At all times I shall be his to command. He occupied the one moment when the State and myself might have been lost. Command him of my regard, and that I shall meet him half way in any honorable proposal—with such vouchers as Alfaro and yourself I know he is capable of none other."

Probably it was intended I should hear this; but I was careful my face gave no sign. Campos had the syndicate business in mind, but you can imagine I was not quite ready to move. It was only a little matter of a few millions I wanted, and as Mrs. Marchmont's coachman that was a trifle for me to control. Deep water, surely, since as yet I had not even imagined what part the syndicate was to play. I would have to look around first, and see what was the one thing needed.

I accepted it as a matter-of-fact way the verbal invitation given me to the State banquet of which my friend had apprised me, and shortly afterward we got away to his rooms, from which I at once sent message to Mrs. Marchmont. In the latter we sat down for a confidential talk.

It is not worth while to follow the conversation in detail.

My disappearance had been a troubling mystery; and first I had my own story to tell. After that, Campos had some explanations to make—and why not? St. Thomas had quite a bearing on his plans.

"When I got back the movements were delayed. Every other thing was delayed. I found that I knew much of the actual condition of which I spoke to you, and I was hard to suit. If Miss Marchmont is missing from the yacht, that means more than you may think; and perhaps your expedition may come to nothing, if you fall into the hands of that spy and traitor. It will take some time to explain the key of the land; but no doubt you have seen the name Whetstone's stamping grounds. After that, you can understand the situation somewhat. One thing you have certainly done. You have made sure that the girl will not wed you have told me I would not trust him a pesse."

"My dear friend, go over the ground will the words. Whetstone is the man to wide ye. Aye she howlds me here, sure it's the greatest mistake you ever made. Have a prisintimint that betwane us all we'll carry Miss Marchmont into Africa an' win a glorious victhory."

"So be it. For the time being we will say, Colonel, that we dominate in the end I fancy it will amount to the same thing. Probably the lady I came to Africa more to tell you. Of one thing beware. Your enemy was formerly one here, and today you probably made a hundred others as dangerous. Be sure your wits are not woolen when you take the supervision of affairs. A thrust of the knife from behind can do for Major Campos as well as Alfaro."

I promised to be on my guard; and shortly an answer came from Mrs. Marchmont. She expected to attend the presidential soiree herself; and hoped to have a few moments' conference with me at that time. She expressed no particular anxiety about the lady I came to rescue, and had heard no particulars of the way in which I had quelled the revolution.

Then I was left to rest at ease, and I remained with my friend until it was time to make the supreme move in my strategy. Building, modestly called "the palace."

I confess, I obeyed the warmth of the reception given me since Mrs. Marchmont witnessed it from a little distance. I did not feel at ease in my borrowed plumes and then I was told off to escort her to the presidential box. To my surprise she took my arm with every evidence of satisfaction.

And yet, at that moment, I confess I was not supremely happy.

Indeed, I had a presentiment there was more to come.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE AFFAIRS OF THE SYNDICATE SEEM TO PROSPER MORE THAN MY OWN.

"Which certainly have been employing your time to some purpose," she whispered. "Already it is rumored you are a foreign commissioner. Your reception and your course in the emute cathedral is the subject of universal comment. I knew New York millionaires to pick out a proper manhood from the crowd, but only too glad to release you from my own affairs. But I will never forget your goodness and your devotion."

"Don't name me own affairs wid those of the lady. I'll be sure there is no time to mind to thim ontill Miss Lorsney wor safe."

"Ah, she is safe. I have just received a message, and she is on board the yacht as we seem, and others helped her. She reached Nassau, and writes that she is well and will to hear of the affair at St. Thomas. Be sure you will find her grateful when she knows all."

This is a low tone. Then there was no time for further private conversation, and probably there was little more to say. It was not until I came to know Miss Lorsney was now safe, and that I was free to follow where I wanted to.

Indeed, I had no excuse for hanging back; though I was not sure my enthusiasm in the affair was as strong as a great as it was before having a close view of how such things seem to be operated. I was not ready to approach the Government in the interests of my syndicate; and there was nothing else I could plead for stay of departure if Frederico was ready to have me move. I suspect that in the privacy of my room no cold reasoning could have drawn me into the expedition I was expected to lead.

Here, it was different. It was Major this, or Major that, and attentions enough to

turn my head. What was my uniform worth if I did not lead men? What the saber at my side if I did not swing it in some cause or other—good, bad, or indifferent? Between my work at the cathedral and the exploring of Campos, I found I had a reputation which was vast—and the more Mrs. Marchmont heard of it the more I vowed to sustain it.

And yet—I was willing to fight for her, but not to die.

Strange, however, I felt there might be some unknown though possible contingency in which I would be willing, nay, anxious, to do both. A Ninon, forty-five years old if she was a day—and I dreaming of her as though a schoolboy, yearning for a girl a head taller and advanced to the dignity of long dresses! It was time for me to get away from this fascination. I was thinking thus and so when the President came to me.

"I can give you a few moments now, and if you have business it may be well for you to speak of it at the first moment—there are others."

I followed him; though to save my neck I could not tell what it was I wanted—or was supposed to want. Let the moment inspire me! inspired! When we were alone he turned to me inquiringly.

"The land seems planted," I began. "It has every item of natural wealth; and none of acquired. Timber for white labor, world enough rot on the ground. Mining machinery rusts on the wharf because there is not even a possible road over which to carry it to the mines. Your money is debased, and the world is declining to take it. What is to become of you all? How long will it be until foreign bondholders foreclose?"

"Heaven have mercy on us! You have told the truth, Major."

"Yes. First, they swindled you; next, they will swindle you. It is the method of these foreign financiers."

"True, true! Twenty-seven million pesos, their value mainly in gold—those were the bonds they bought. One million pesos in silver—that is what they paid us—and now they would kill our commerce so no revenue can be raised. With no revenue, no interest—and in the cannon that bombarded Alexandria will come next."

I had my cue.

"My friend, no nation can deal with these foreigners who are foreclosing on the earth, unless it is prepared to send a force to inspect, theirs, and counting equal to the conquest. Because you pay the last peso on favorable conditions, this land would be a vast gold mine. Give them the gold and there are men with millions in gold and a powerful nation behind them, who will open it up and go to people and take their share. They will bring you roads and banks and manufactories. They will create a commercial debt so that it will be no burden. They will give you peace, tranquility and prosperity. They will guarantee the expenses of your Government, and having collected what they will hand you back precisely the unexpended balance. Whenever you are certain and beyond a doubt ready to receive these men let me know. They are looking at you now; they will be taking me to-morrow. I have come for no other word to say, no further explanations to make. Remember, I have no ambition here. I will use my eyes and ascertain your resources."

The President was thoughtful. He said nothing practically. He preferred to think. In that respect I had found some face to face with Campos, who touched my shoulder.

"If you can, come away with me, Mrs. Marchmont tells me her affairs are disarranged, and you are to be with us it will be settled tonight."

"All right, all am wid yez," was my ready answer. A little later I was entering a house on the back of my destiny.

One could hardly have told from appearance that here was a nest of conspiracies, and that men had laughed and chatted and smoked carelessly were mostly about to start upon the work which the issues were strong that few would come back.

"General Marchmont, let me present to you Major O'Rourke, of whom you have already heard me speak. You can in all things have confidence in him as you would have in me. All the city tonight can tell you of his courage—I can tell you of his loyalty to my friends. He is also the hero of that affair at St. Thomas of which we have heard. All things are ready for the time also. All things are ready and the hour is at hand."

Campos was talking mainly to me, for we had studied each other. Probably he considered himself a judge of men as he saw them, and I hope his opinion of me then was satisfactory. The gripe of his hand was cordial. I remember was I disappointment with any pride or misunderstanding. It is true, however, that I was more at my ease than when she leaned upon my arm at the assemblage that night; never had I been so conscious of her beauty. I had been at all inclined to vain glory I might even have thought I was the chief conspirator in the line of conquest.

I knew better, I might now be looked upon as one who was of use as a friend that which I had once expected to do for wages. Mrs. Marchmont's reception of such a friend was very flattering, though I now wished I had been thinking about the time when I "dhriv" a cab, and handled an express wagon. The thorough breeding of the former she showed itself more than in her ability, in my changed fortunes, to entirely overlook my changed position.

"It must be," I thought, "that she has received some later intelligence. There has been some movement in the ranks of the Lorena, or that young lady is again in danger. I felt myself growing warm as I thought of the complications which might ensue. At all hazards I must care for the fortune of the lady entrusted to me, here was I pledged on my military honor to throw myself on the reserve into a movement on which might or would hang the destinies of a nation. If the lady called I would not draw back; if Mariano called I could not.

Campos looked troubled. I had such confidence in Mrs. Marchmont that I told him frankly of her message. He shook his head.

"The hour is late; the streets are dark; you have enemies on your trail—perhaps the message does not come from her at all. It might even be from Whetstone himself."

"So much the more reason I should go. It can be no worse than to remain here. So I could draw him around to meet me face to face. I would be thankful to find it a decoy. The lady would then be in no trouble."

"That is the Irish way of looking at it. I suppose. Let me go with you—at least as far as the house. I am armed, too, and I can keep watch for you on the outside."

"Carramba! For what sort of child do you take me? Tomorrow all Tegucigalpa would be laughing at me. There is no time to lose. Au revoir!"

I strode away in haste, thinking of nothing else than the intelligence I was probably to receive. The recollection of all I had promised General Mariano faded away the moment I got out of sight of Campos.

I was armed, but I did not remember, however—the suggestion that the letter might be a trap.

I could have sworn fast enough that Mrs. Marchmont wrote the words—but—why?

I did not doubt her when in her right mind, but I remembered something of the kind which I had seen in a moment in her face over her at times. The thought was ridiculous, yet I asked myself if it could be behind the letter, and if he and his assassins were lying in wait.

Just then the answer seemed to come. Silently as ghosts half a dozen men rose up around me. Against the glare of the gaslight of steel on every side.

"Surrender!" was already on the hilt of my sword. At this sight the weapon flashed out. Then came the rush.

CHAPTER XX.

SIX ON ONE.

The point of my sword was like a needle and the blade like wire very close to it. If these gentlemen of the night felt the weapon at their throats they ought to get hurt.

Positively, that was the first thought I remember coming into my head as I swung my saber around my head and struck out right and leaped back. Then I thrust at the fellow to the right, driving him to a yard's backward leap to save himself. That gave me a glimpse of the opening made in the wall of the building which was fortunately at my convenience. I was thus sheltered from behind, and could see the front. Not all the advantages of such light as there was.

Almost instantly I had the chance to make a cut a trifle below where I was guarding, and I felt the blade cheap along flesh and tendon. A knife flashed in the moonlight, and while I regarded away as the others rushed in for me at the same quarters.

In that rush I pinked two more, and would probably have done better had not the fellow to the right rendered point of the last one wounded. In the second or third I had disarmed my foe, and was striking downward with savage violence.

I caught sight of his hand, and, quick as a wink, hung the man around against the others. Letting go the hilt of saber I struck out with my left, and then reached back for my revolver. I could feel the blood running down my arm, and was weakening, but not knowing how badly I was hurt, thought it was going to be over. I had the last I whipped the weapon out, however, I heard a voice, which even at that moment sounded to me familiar, cry in very bad Spanish:

"Aguarde ousty un pecos! Que esto quiere decir?"

Then some one was laying about him with a cane, and the others, who were scrambling away the best they could, two of them supporting a comrade so badly wounded that he could not run, remained or seemed to go alone. I thrust away my revolver, which had been in my left hand, and stooped to pick up my sword. Behold you, the man who had called out was Captain Jones, who was to be my special comrade on the start for Quesaltepec.

As he was one of the rights of the affair, now who were engaged, he was content to let me wipe my sword on the grass when I stepped forward so he could recognize me that he became really interested.

He was not wounded, save an arm then, and when I made light of my hurts begged me to let him help me. Which I very gladly did. He had heard the fracas from the very corner where I had left Campos, and, pulling up his sword had rushed down in the interests of fair play.

I was not wounded, however, since I was sure my wounds were trifling, and it would have been unpleasant explaining. I would have accompanied me to my destination if I had been willing, but I vetoed that. I explained, however, that I would pass back that way and accept his escort to the reserve. He insisted on going with me to keep awake. I had no certain knowledge of how long I should be gone, but did not think to exceed half an hour.

I liked the way he agreed to my wishes full as much as I supposed he did me when he had struck in with assistance. As he had said, he was on the start for Quesaltepec, and I knew that I would have to be with him a good deal. I did not think Whetstone had the pluck to attempt my assassination, but I was not altogether sorry that Fair had happened. I did not think Whetstone had begun it—if he was I hoped it was his wrist which would never hold the weight of a knife again. I struck away with the mental brace on me which would have been forgot had my attention to my appearance was not what I should have wished when about to meet a gentlewoman of the character of Mrs. past midnight.

She was waiting for me, though the delay had been considerably great, and sleep had overcome her eyelids. She started up as I was ushered into the room. No wonder she was all aboard, and looked at me with terror. There was blood on my face, a long slash on the breast of my coat, whilst in my eyes there was still the gleam which battle brings.

"Your servant, Senora. Your message was but lately received, and I came at once. What service can I do you? Remember, you have but to call on me and I come at all hazards."

My hand closed, now the ice was broken, she should hear as little as possible of that infernal hoorgue, but I had let my Spanish alone I would the sooner have calmed her uneasiness. She started confused as ever, and I had done speaking, and only then, pulling herself together with an effort, seemed to remember and stammer:

"Oh, oh!" she exclaimed, throwing up her hands. "Again you have been in trouble. Who was it? What was it? See! You are bleeding. Let me send for help. Oh, if I had but known!" She sounded that, too, when but for me you would have been in safety! You are a brave man, indeed. I can ask you if it is serious."

She came swiftly forward, and I was more confused than a little.

"No, no. I assure you it is nothing. Positively, it is but a cut in my clothing. The rascals never even drew blood, and ran away when I showed my revolver.

My words were not altogether reassuring. She stood close in front of me, and reaching up wiped away the blood from a gash on the cheek bone, her glance running down the length of it to the end of the clothing across my breast. Then she broke into a laugh in spite of herself.

"My friend, I do not suppose you are trying to relieve me by saying it is an eyesight. It is not serious, however, and I can bind it up for the present as well as anybody. Let me look at your hand. But I was not sure whether it was you or your ghost. You are so much taller than when you saw me in your pretty little story."

Then I blushed, but for more of it I am that color on the face would have spoiled forever my good looks; and certainly there was no time for blushing. She perceived, also, for the first time, that I had not put the sword away, and that I generally crumpled appearance which would justify the belief that the quarters had not only been close but the air stifling.

Looking like that I had put up a pretty stiff fight, I dare say, but the gentleman was no longer frightened I could tell her the fact.

"You must believe me when I say that I never knew the rascal's steel had bitten me laugh in spite of herself. Nevertheless, it seems to be one of these exasperating fly bites which mend and heal and give no pain. It would stop of itself by and by, and I would know nothing more about it."

"Is it the fashion, then, for the President tonight?" she remarked, dropping at last the subject, and passing from the handkerchief of my head and critically overlooking her work.

"For a moment."

"And spoke, I hope, of the business which you came to see me?"

"As much as I dared. So far as he is concerned, I had but to say the word, though I had said. But there are others to convince. Such a matter cannot be concluded in a day-because it is to be."

"And meantime?"

"I am not to be allowed to examine the resources of the country; and tomorrow I should be off to Quesaltepec. We had been out making arrangements and thus did not receive your message until a short time since. I am to wait here for it to not too late to countermand orders."

"Then I shall really have you here if I so requested?"

The question was in her tone—doubt in her eye. I think I would have given several pennies for her thoughts. They didn't turn out to be worth a farthing's groundwing.

"As I told you once before this evening, my position is that of a mere soldier of a lady. You had my promise; and that promise I shall keep, and I am waiting for orders. Now, I am waiting for orders. Why did you send for me?"

"I had begun to have investigated—but you and I know the affairs of the Lorena. I was afraid you would have to start on a journey tomorrow; but it is not to spy out the resources of the land, and I thought you would be willing to lose your movements. If you drew back now your reputation as a soldier of fortune, which may be you would receive the punishment of it."

"All that may be so; but I never yet broke pledge to a woman. If there was no other reason I would not do so now. I am at all other entanglements."

I spoke carelessly, but in earnest. I could see Mrs. Marchmont knew and it was something of what she spoke, though I was not sure that I was not also too reticent to ask. I suppose she detected a question in my eyes, for she answered it at once.

"Rest easy, my friend; you have not been betrayed. I have not told you what has passed between General Mariano and you. It is a dangerous journey you think to take were you aware of all? Would you shrink from the scheme while yet there is time?"

I turned away my head and looked out on the room. Heaven knew I was none too anxious to head the desperate venture, and what she spoke thought I had a right to see me into it, trying to break down my ambition and make me a laughing stock; but there had been no new development in her affairs—that she had not told me in the first hour of her return. Perhaps, too, that million which she had hinted she would invest in the affair had not been known to her at the time of our meeting.

She clasped her hands, with what I could not help but think was a sigh.

"Spoken like the man I believed you to be. My friend, I trust you beyond my many selves—not save my own husband. How much you will know when I say I not only approve of your going, but, were it not for the danger, to which I would hesitate to give invitation, I should beg you to take the journey."

"I cannot say I see where the trust in this matter, unless you have a longer interest in a matter which shall be nameless, than

(Continued on page eleven.)

Superabundance.

The young man suffering from overstudy arrived at the resort in the "lonely mountains."

"Ten dollars per day!" he gasped, reading the rates over the desk.

"Certainly, sir," responded the suave proprietor, "I hope you will understand that this is a nerve sanitarium."

"I should say it is, and you have the most nerve of all."

Up to Her.

"What would you do if I were to die?" asked the bride of six months.

"That's for you to say, my dear," replied the other half of the sketch. "Which would you prefer—burial or cremation?"

A Possible Candidate.

Miss Antique—My dear, the alarming spread of microb disease has resulted in the starting of an anti-kissing club. Will you permit me to propose you as a member?

Miss Youngthing—Really, I—I have no time for clubs; but perhaps grandma will join.

Certainly Certain.

He—I suppose Miss Elderleigh is what you would call a girl of uncertain years, is she not?

She—No, indeed. She has been the same age for at least ten years.

Possible Explanation.

Her—I wonder why handsome women usually marry homely men?

Him—It must be due to the fact that the homely men ask them.

JOKES AND

Wise Ancients.

Traveler—The houses in some of the ancient cities had walls ten feet thick.

Mr. Brickrow (enviously)—I presume some of the neighbors were musical.

MARKED OUT.

Visitor—Well, Tommy, what do you intend to be when you grow up?

Tommy—Ma says I'm going to be a rascal—like pa.

Practice Makes Perfect.

"By love," exclaimed the manager, heartily, "you did wonderfully as Romeo in the balcony scene. Were you always in the same role?"

"Well, something on that order," replied the new star. "I used to be a professional porch-climber until the cops made it too hot for me."

Saving the Boy.

Father—I wish you'd cut the woman's page out of the Daily Bluster before giving the paper to our son.

Mother—Goodness me! Why?

Father—I don't want him to become tired and sick of women before he's old enough to marry.

Forgetting the Landlord.

"I wonder who originated the expression, 'reckoned without his host.'"

"Very likely it was some deluded summer hotel guest who tried to figure out for himself what his bill was going to be."

Where Women Are Ruled.

"Are there clubs for women in this town?" asked the suffragist from the East.

"Certainly not," replied the gallant Westerner. "We can handle women without clubs."

Doubtful Bargain.

Mayme—So Miss Gotrox is engaged to an Italian count, eh? How much is he worth?

Blythe—I don't know what he is worth, but I understand her father paid half a million for him.

Danger of "First Thoughts."

Miss Versavich (musingly)—I wonder way it is that artists are always poor?

Suitor (awkwardly)—I presume that most of them marry for beauty.

The Wily Diplomat.

Willie—Pa, what's a diplomat?

Father—A man who, when he can't have his own way, pretends that the other way is his.

Himself and Another.

Him—There are two men of my acquaintance whom I really admire.

Her—Indeed! What is the name of the other one?

Matter of Shape.

Miss Angles—Don't you think this dress makes me look horrid?

Miss Plumpton—Well, to be frank with you, it does fit rather tight.

PLEASANT ILLUSION.

Henpeck—Well, after all, it's a good thing for a man to marry a nagging woman.

Mrs. Henpeck—Why so?

Henpeck—Even if he doesn't have a long life, it seems long.

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the fact and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairville, Pa.

The Woman and the Rib.

Adam gave his rib
To make a woman's shape;
(Thus the story's writ,
There is no escape!)

Many an arctic whale,
Witless of the blame,
Also gives his rib
For to make the same!

I sorrow not for man,
He gets his riblet back;
But for the poor old whale,
Alack, my friends, alack!

Rough on the Hotel.

"Look here," demanded the irate hotel proprietor, "what did you say to that last guest?"

"Why," replied the waiter, "he didn't pass over a tip, so I said: 'I think you have forgotten something, sir.'"

"That's just it. After you said that he returned to the table and took three oranges and six pears."

June Graft.

"Pard," said the lanky tramp, "if I'm not too inquisitive, why do yer carry all dat rice in your pockets?"

"Why," elucidated the corpulent tramp, "dat's de secret of me success. When an elderly lady meets me at de gate I bombard her wid rice an' make out I took her to be a bride. It tickles her so she hands out de best grub in de kitchen."

In Arkansas.

The Western judge glared at the prisoner.

"Face the jury!" he roared, slamming a law book over the pine table.

The lanky prisoner grinned.

"Oh, I'll face them all right, Judge," he drawled; "with such a pack of rascals as them near me I'd be skeered to turn my back."

A Cunning Toper.

"Gayboy told me a month or two ago that his physician had limited him to one whisky a day, but he doesn't look as if he had reformed."

"He hasn't. He went to four other doctors, and each one gave him the same directions. He's following the advice of all five of 'em."

A Cutting Reply.

Mr. D'Avnue—My steward! More money? What on earth did you do with all I gave you last week?

Mrs. D'Avnue—Well, I used a little of it in buying a new album for the photographs of the dukes and princes I refused before I married you.

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SALESMEN WANTED.

Agents, Merchants! Men than everywhere, start in business for yourself on our capital. We make men's fine Kersey Pants to measure at $2.98 and guarantee perfect fitting. Distinct line of tailoring at a good price for an little money as others retail ready made goods. You can control entire trade of your town. Write for full line and $50 up to date cloth samples, styles, fashion plates, etc., free. Ready and furnished free. A great opportunity. Write to-day. Don't delay. Territory is filling up rapidly. Experience not absolutely necessary. This is the HONEST MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITY of a lifetime. Address

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BUNCH TOGETHER

Coffee Has a Curious Way of Finally Attacking Some Organ.

Ails that come from coffee are cumulative, that is, unless the coffee is taken away new troubles are continually appearing and the old ones get worse.

"To begin with," says a Kansan, "I was a slave to coffee just as thousands of others to-day; thought I could not live without drinking strong coffee every morning for breakfast and I had sick headaches that kept me in bed several days every month. Could hardly keep my food on my stomach, but would vomit as long as I could throw anything up, and when I could get hot coffee to stay on my stomach I thought I was better.

"Well, two years ago this Spring I was that sick with rheumatism I could not use my right arm to do anything, had heart trouble, was nervous. My nerves were all unstrung and my finger nails and tips were blue as if I had a chill all the time and my face and hands yellow as a pumpkin. My doctor said it was heart disease and rheumatism and my neighbors said I had Bright's Disease and was going to die.

"Well, I did not know what on earth was the matter and every morning would drag myself out of bed and go to breakfast, not to eat anything but to force down some more coffee. Then in a little while I would be so nervous, my heart would beat like everything.

"Finally one morning I told my husband I believed coffee was the cause of this trouble and that I thought I would try Postum which I had seen advertised. He said 'All right,' so we got Postum and although I did not like it at first I got right down to business and made it according to directions, then it was fine and the whole family got to using it and I tell you it has worked wonders for me. Thanks to Postum in place of the poison, coffee, I now enjoy good health, have not been in bed with sick headache for two years, although I had it for 20 years before I began Postum, and my nerves are now strong and I have no trouble from my heart or from the rheumatism.

"I consider Postum a necessary article of food on my table. My friends who come here and taste my Postum say it is delicious." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Get the book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package.

Whyness of the Wherefore.

"I suppose," said the scanty-haired man, "you have never given marriage a thought."

"Oh, yes, I have," replied the bachelor.

"Then why are you still single?" asked the other.

"Because I gave marriage a thought," answered the advocate of single blessedness.

No Need of Telling.

Buyer (who has hastily snapped up a bargain)—By the way, you advertised that you had good reason for selling. I forgot to ask what they were.

Seller (grimly)—You'll find 'em out fast enough. Ta, ta!

Yes, Verily!

"Many a man," remarked the Norwood philosopher, "who travels on the right road manages to reach the wrong destination."

"How's that?" queried the Mt. Auburn man.

"They're headed the wrong way," explained the philosophy dispenser.

Knew the Sex.

"Your wife is a very sick woman," said the grave old physician, "and while I do not wish to alarm you, I have my doubts as to her recovery."

"Oh, she'll pull through all right, doctor," replied the wise husband. "Her dressmaker sent home a new gown yesterday and she hasn't tried it on yet."

At the Country Club.

Ernie—Miss Passy doesn't seem strong enough to drive a golfball any more. She is almost old enough to play tennis.

Ida—Tennis? Why, she's getting old enough to play croquet.

Undesirable Catch.

Ernie—No, Myrtilla is not going with Jack any more.

Eva—But I thought she had caught him.

Ernie—That's just it; she caught him with May.

I'll bet you don't know where I'm going."
"Oh, yes, I do. Papa said last night that you were going straight to the dogs."

Down in Front.

"Ah!" exclaimed the hatpin, "I believe I have seen you before."

"If you did," replied the hairpin, "I must have been out of place."

An Illusion.

"He married money, didn't he?"

"No; he thought he was marrying money, but he merely married something else that talks."

McWork's Kindly Theory.

Mrs. McWork—Old Bullion is makin' gobs o' money. Phy shud he be wantin' to rejuce your wages?

Mr. McWork—Sure, Oi dunno. Maybe he do be thrfin' to get rich enough to be a great phecianthropist.

How He Won Her Regard.

Mrs. De Neat—It seems to me that for a man who claims to deserve charity, you have a very red nose.

Moldy Mike—Yes, mum; the cheap soaps that us poor people use is very hard on the complexion, mum.

Met Them Before.

Gunner—So you were around posing as a real bohemian. How did you like it?

Gayer—I had to give it up. Every one avoided me for fear I wanted to borrow money.

Not Much Difference.

Rodrick—Yes, the doctor wrote on that card when he was coming to take my pulse.

Van Albert—Indeed! I thought the word was "Purse."

Rodrick—Well, it'll all be the same thing.

He—If I should kiss you, would you scream?
She—Of course, but I've got such a cold that I don't think I could scream very loud.

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No Money or Experience Necessary We Furnish That

We want to make a clothing salesman out of you. We can do it without you putting a cent for the instructions. You become our representative immediately, with an income at once. We train you while you are our representative—while you are working, and your income commences when you start to work.

We are the largest tailoring house in the world making made-to-measure garments, turning out better goods for less money than our competitors. We will make business for you by turning out the best made to order suits, coat and vest—guaranteeing it easy for you to take orders and keep your customers. The ordinary representative makes not less than

$1,200 a year. Others, $2,000.

If you are situated so that you can only spare a little time each day in writing letters or calling on your friends, we shall be glad to hear from you. Some are making from $10 to $25 a week doing this.

Write at once before your territory is taken by some one else.

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A TRIFLE MIXED.

Three smart young men and three nice girls—
All lovers true as steel—
Decided in a friendly way
To spend the day afield.
They rose in the early morn,
And nothing seemed amiss,
And when they reached the leafy lanes
They were in couples
four
two
this!

They wandered by the verdant dale,
Beside the rippling rill;
The sun shone brightly all the while;
They had no thought of ill.
They spent through many a woodland glade,
The world was full of bliss,
And when they rested in the shade
They were in threes!

The sun went down and evening came
A bit too soon, they said;
Too long they tarried on the way,
The clouds grew black o'erhead.
Down dashed the rain! They hurried forward free
Till one unlucky miss
Slipped squelchy—Crash! Great Scott!
The lot
Were all mixed up!

Mr. Potter's Courtship.

BY MAX ADELER.

"Do you see that girl?" asked Potter, waving his hand toward Miss Cole as she passed the window, "I came near marrying her once."

"Why didn't you?"

"I'll tell you. I went to see her one evening—courting her, you know—and we sat in the front parlor on an old haircloth sofa. One of the spiral springs in the seat must have worked loose somehow, for one end of it stuck through a small hole in the haircloth. I didn't notice it when I sat down, and I sat right over it. I wriggled about a little, s'pose, during the evening, and the end of that spring gradually worked through my trousers. The more I wriggled, the more the spring worked up. It kept paying out and paying out, apparently, until I must have had at least two or three turns coiled away inside of my clothes.

"I didn't know it then; we were talking along in the loveliest manner, Emma and I, when suddenly I felt something cold touch my skin. I jumped, of course, but found that the spring held me fast to the sofa. Emma asked me what was the matter, and I let on a fly or something had bitten me on the hand. Then I slid my hand down quietly and ascertained the truth. I tried to rise again, but found I couldn't. It was safely in full hand. They were my best year's trousers, and I knew they were finished.

"Emma asked me not to go, and I said I wouldn't, and I didn't. I had the conversation took a sadder tone after that, and Emma wanted to know if I was love-sprung about anything. I said no, but I was trying to think of some poetry that I wanted to quote to her. She said it would remain perfectly silent while I thought it up.

"The silence became painful, however, and I asked her if she would please ask her father to come downstairs a moment, so that I could whisper something to him. Emma said that her father had gone to a poetry meeting. I suggested her mother, and send for her brother Bill, so that I could tell him. But she said that Bill was at a theatre, and remarked that she was on a visit to Kalamazoo. Would her mother do, or her Aunt Jane? I said no, they wouldn't do. So we sat and sat there, Emma yawning in the most frightful manner, and asking me if I brought on a reversal, then, and hinting all kinds of ways for me to quit.

"I did make one little start, but I heard something tear, and I was afraid those trousers would fall on the carpet in ruins, so I gave it up and remained quiet. After a bit Emma asked me to walk around home to see her mother and eat an apple.

"I told her I would be glad to go, but I didn't feel well. So she called her mother and her aunt down to see me, and when they asked me if it was chills, or rheumatism, or vertigo, or biliousness, and so on, until I perspired freely. And I said, at last, I asked Emma's mother if she would have any objection to boarding me for a week or a few days; I said I should like to take it home with me that evening. So then I thought I really was insane, and they all three retreated to consult about the situation. Then I gave my self jerk and the trousers didn't rip, but out came four spiral springs as big as barrel hoops. It seemed to me, and they went jangling and banging about my legs for a minute after I got free. Her mother and aunt came out and

silver, although the old man's head was snowy white.

They stood for a moment and looked [illegible] each other, and in that long, silent gaze were blended all the passionate memori[illegible] that stirred them both. Presently the old man extended his arms and c[illegible]

"My dearly loved and long lost darling! Can it be possible that, after all these long years, during which I have mourned you as dead, you have come back to me alive and in the flesh! I thought—I beli[illegible]— Oh, God! what have I not believed [illegible] tense, my wife, forgive—forgive!"

His voice was almost a wailing cr[illegible] as he grasped both little outstretched hands he crushed them to his breast. Then [illegible] placing his arms about her, he k[illegible] tenderly again and again, murmur[illegible] did so: "Forgive—forgive—forgive!"

"Then I may stay here with you?" she asked, as she returned his passionate caresses. "You will not send me away from you again?"

"Never again! Oh, my darling, could you but know what the years have been! Look at me, dear! Remorse and anguish have done their work well, and have made of me an old broken-down man years before my time. But at this moment my heart i[illegible] young. Never in my youthful days did it thrill with more earnest, intense love and joy than now—now that my darling is restored to me!"

"We will begin all over again," she replied, as she still clung to him, "and we will try to forget all the hateful, sorrowful past." Then presently, raising her glorious eyes to his fa[illegible] she asked:

"[illegible] child, Reuben—where is she—the little Reubena that I sent you years ago? I changed her name, giving her yours in place of the one under which she was baptized, because I loved you so. But I explained all this in the letter which I sent with her. Where is she, Reuben? I must see her now. Where is our little Ruby?"

Slowly the old man's face blanched to the hue of death.

"Ruby—Ruby!" he repeated in a horrified way. Then as he sank into a chair, trembling in every limb, he turned to Lawrence, who had been a silent witness to this dramatic scene, and exclaimed: "Tell me, Lawrence, can it be true? Ruby—my baby! Merciful God! when will my sins cease to confront me? But I see it all now—I see it all—Ruby, my own dear, innocent baby!"

And covering his face with his hands he wept like a child.

"What does he mean?" the woman asked, as she, too, turned to Lawrence. "Is our child dead? Can it be that I am to find of her only a little grave?"

Her voice was also broken with tears, and Lawrence, stepping quickly to her side, sought to comfort her.

"She is not dead," he said, "but a great mistake has been made." And then as briefly as he could he related the story of how Ruby had arrived, of her having lost the letter, and how, as there was no clue as to who she was, she had been adopted by a widow who had tenderly cared for her all these years.

"But I did not know—how could I know," the old man wailed, "that she was my own—my own little child?"

"But the ring, Reuben!" and Mrs. Armytage again went to her husband's side and placed her arms about him. "I sent you my ring, believing that you would understand what that meant. Did she lose that also?"

"No; but as the child was with me but a few minutes at the time, I did not discover the ring, which, it seems, was attached to a gold chain which was clasped around her neck. I never discovered the ring until a few weeks ago. I knew then that you must have sent it; I also knew why it had been sent—that you had forgiven the awful wrong that I had done you. But I believed that you had left it with some one to be returned to me in case of your death, and that you and the baby had both been drowned as the paper stated."

"That was all a mistake. I had engaged passage in that steamer, but at the last moment the baby was taken ill, which p[illegible]vented me from going. I was then so wicked in my bitterness against you that I cared not if you believed the story true. Later, when I felt that I was going to die, I forgave you. Our baby was to be left alone in the world, and I felt that she must be returned to you. I placed her in the conductor's hands, and he promised me faithfully that he would bring her safely to you. How is it that she came alone?"

"There was an accident, it seems, and the poor fellow was killed before he reached h[illegible]. The child made her way alone—[illegible]e—that baby. She remembered the name 'Armytage' and insisted that it was to some one bearing that name that she had been sent. But I—oh, God, how could I know!—I would not have her—I turned her from me."

Here the old man broke down again and wept bitter tears of remorse and sorrow.

"I turned her from me!" he kept saying, "I turned her away! Oh, the mistakes I have made! How they mock me now—the mistakes of a lifetime!"

And then in broken tones he told the poor wife and mother why he had refused to keep the child; told her of the absurd fancies which had haunted him all these years. A[illegible] she, listening, felt that she could understand something of what his life had be[illegible]

"But where is she?" she asked. "Is she f[illegible] away? When may I see her? You know not how I long to clasp her in my arms again! Can it be possible that sixteen long years have rolled away since I made the dear child ready for that long journey which she was to take without me, since I bade her, as [illegible] sad farewell! [illegible] day! [illegible] I would [illegible] not [illegible]

[illegible]

"Br[illegible] Lawrence [illegible] the old [illegible] gasped; "go and bring Ruby! Wait," he added, as Lawrence was about to do his bidding; "tell her everything before she comes, and beg her to forgive me, her poor idiotic old father. Do you think she will, my boy? You have always said that she was noble and generous; will she come with forgiveness in her heart?"

"I am sure she will," Lawrence replied; then, turning to Mrs. Armytage, he said: "She lives but a few rods away. I will bring her at once; you shall soon see your daughter, and no one can be more thankful for this than am I, your husband's adopted son."

The lawyer rose now to take his departure. He had listened in silent wonder to the[illegible]tions; and in bidding [illegible] well he wished her many [illegible] happiness.

"I am glad," he said, "that I can tell the friends who have watched and cared for you in the asylum th[illegible] has been your home so l[illegible] you ar[illegible] safe and happy at last with those who love you."

[illegible] the old man, as L[illegible]wrence and the lawyer left the [illegible] dear w[illegible] I have never ceased to love you; not even when I [illegible] e to me. Had [illegible] one insane."

"I was not false to you, Reuben—not false, but, oh! so cruelly passionate and inconsiderate! The best years of our lives have been wasted; besides this, our baby that we loved so dearly has been defrauded of our love and care."

Again a stifled sob broke from the old man's lips; and drawing his wife closer to his side, he told her, while they were waiting for the arrival of the daughter, of the deep and lasting wrong which he had done her in being a party to the fraud which destroyed her dream of love. "Ah!" he concluded, "the dear child has much to forgive her poor old father. Will she be able to do it, I wonder?"

The sound of hurrying footsteps now broke upon their ears; the door was suddenly flung open and a radiant vision burst into the room, exclaiming as she entered: "My mother! oh, my mother!"

CHAPTER XXI.

For one brief moment Mrs. Armytage gazed at the dear, sweet face so very like her own; the next instant the daughter to whom she had bade such a sad farewell so many years ago was clasped within her arms, and the love of so many wasted years was concentrated in one wild, passionate embrace.

"My precious baby!" she exclaimed, "my baby from whom I parted with all the anguish of death! Can you remember that awful time, darling—can you remember me?"

"I remember you, my mother; your dear face never faded from my memory. I have thought of you every day of my life since then; but I never expected to see this day—never expected that again on earth should I see the dear mother whom I have always thought was an angel in Heaven. Oh, mother, mother! I supposed that you were there and have wished, oh! so often, that you had taken me with you!"

These words and the tone in which they were spoken told the poor mother that her darling's life had not been all gladness.

"But, Ruby, my dear child, we shall be happy now—you and I und your father—reunited at last."

These words caused Ruby to remember that she also had a father. She had been so bewildered when Lawrence told her of the strange events that had suddenly taken place that she had scarcely grasped the meaning of it all; and even now she found it hard to realize that the man who had always shrank from her presence with a sort of superstitious awe, and whom she had always regarded as a stern, cold and half-demented old man, was her father.

Could she learn to love him? she wondered; could she forgive him for all the suffering he had caused her?

Turning, now, she fixed her gaze upon him, and the look of penitence, remorse and shame which met her own from those sunken, tear-dimmed eyes, melted her heart at once.

He extended his arms in a pitiful way. She hesitated a moment; but in that moment her brain was flooded with a realizing sense of what he had suffered and endured, and a great pity crept into her heart, crowding out all resentful feelings, and, going over to his side, was folded close to his aching breast.

For awhile no words came to his lips, but great, tearless sobs shook his frame as he strained to his heart this girl whom he had so terribly wronged, realizing that it was against his own child that he had schemed and sinned.

"Listen, Ruby," he said at length: "years and years ago—for the time seems very long to me—I knelt beside a little empty cot from which my baby had been taken, leaving me childless, deserted, and lone, and prayed—oh, how I prayed!—that God would restore to me my child. Later when the news came to me that my loved ones had gone down to a watery grave, I went down to the shores of old ocean and kneeling beside the cruel waters that I supposed rolled above them, prayed again—prayed that when the sea gave up its dead I should be permitted to again hold you in my arms. That prayer has been repeated many times since. I have been so wicked that I have never dared to pray for myself. 'Oh, God, restore to me my darlings,' has been the one prayer of my life. He has restored them to me, but in a way I never dreamed of. Can you forgive my sins against you, Ruby? Ruby Gordon no longer, but Rubena Armytage, the only and dearly loved child of a foolish, wicked and deluded old man whose future years shall be spent in trying to atone for the many wrongs that he has done you. Again I ask you, my child, can you forgive? And will you try to love me a little?"

Ruby was weeping now.

[illegible] "you will [illegible] a moment, during which her pitiful sobs were the only sound that broke the silence, she suddenly clasped her arms around his neck and gasped "Papa," and in the utterance of that word the old man knew that he was to be forgiven and loved.

Lawrence felt that this hour was sacred to those three, and stole away to his own room, feeling glad that at last the girl whom he loved so dearly was to find a home at Elmwood. He had always felt that this home should have been given to her years ago instead of to him, but had never dreamed that she was lawfully entitled to it. She would have her rights now. The joys which ease and luxury can bring were [illegible] t to be hers, besides her life would now be blessed with a father's and a moth[illegible]

Her gain would be his loss; he realized this, but still he was happier than he had been in a long time before. He had lost dear old Elmwood, but Ruby had gained it—sweet, gracious, generous, loving Ruby; [illegible]r could have passed into worthier [illegible]

[illegible] a while he went to the nursery where Addie was sitting with dear little baby Rut[illegible]

She had heard from the servants of the wonderful things which had happened. There was a touch of sadness in the smile with which she greeted him; and as she bent her head low over the baby, Lawrence saw a teardrop fall from her eyes and drop upon th[illegible]

[illegible] being done at [illegible] e thinking, but [illegible]rly as I love the old place which I have [illegible]s regarded as my own, I can see it [illegible]s into the hands of her who is justly entitled to it without a shadow of regret. And as for baby—surely I shall be able to make a fortune for her when she is all I have."

He took the baby from Addie's arms as he spoke and caressed it tenderly; then, pillowing its little head upon his shoulder, he rocked it to sleep, wondering the wl[illegible] what its life was to be. But he would work for it and give it the tenderest ca[illegible] and he prayed that no suffer[illegible] come to it through its mothe[illegible]

Ruby w[illegible] even for one day was she to go back to the humble cottage that had been her home so long. Mrs. Gordon was to come also; the old man would have it so. "She h[illegible] for my child all these years," he said [illegible] in her old age she shall not be de[illegible] She shall have a home with Ruby."

Lawrence had, in his college days, studied law as a profession, and he now concluded, in view of his changed prospec[illegible] use of his knowledge as a means [illegible]

His father objected to this. "You have been brought up as my son and heir," he said, "and although my daughter, now that she has been restored to me, will one day inherit Elmwood, my fortune is sufficient for all. I shall not leave you penniless, my boy; you shall be handsomely provided for."

But Lawrence was firm in his resolve to work, and although Mrs. Armytage joined with her husband in begging him to still remain at Elmwood, and Ruby pleaded with prayers and tears, he could not be prevailed upon to change his mind.

"If the events of the last few weeks could but have happened years ago," he said to Ruby as they were trying to bid each other farewell, "how different life would have been for all! But you will not forget me, Ruby—nor cease to love me?

His voice trembled over this last word. What if she should some time find it possible to love some one else—for it was folly to think of this beautiful, brilliant, lovable girl living her life unwed—what should he do then? For looking suddenly ahead through the long course of ye[illegible]s, he saw nothin[illegible] if Ruby's love changed, but blank despair.

"[illegible]ll love you [illegible]ways, Lawrence," she answered; "you and [illegible]"

"You think so now, dear; but after I am gone you may find it easier to forget. I am selfish, I know, in wishing to keep your love under the circumstances; but, oh! Ruby, you can never realize how great is my love for you. I love you so that if another should win you I should go mad."

"Have no fear of that. I shall never be the bride of another—[illegible]ver!"

Lawrence was silent for a moment after this, while he regarded her with a look of intense pity and longing.

"Is there any hope," he said [illegible] length, "that you may some day change your mind about our having no right to wed? Do you know, Ruby, I cannot entirely banish the thought that some day you may yet be mine."

Ruby shook her head.

"There is no hope, Lawrence—none! If I could possibly bring myself to feel that it would be no sin to marry you, I should surely do so now that I have taken your inheritance from you. I feel that I am driving you from home."

"You must not feel in that way, dear. I know that you would gladly share everything with me; and some day, to please you, I shall accept some share of your father's wealth. But I have my child, Ruby. It is for her that I wish to work; and you remember that you once said that one could sometimes drown sad and bitter memories in work. I wish to try it."

"Of course you are right," she answered, sadly. "I believe that if I were in your place I should do the same; nevertheless, I shall miss you, oh! so much, and would persuade you to give up going even yet if I could."

"But I shall not be so very far away; only a few hours' journey. I shall run up from the city to see you quite often."

Then as he bent to kiss her for the fortieth time, he asked:

"Did Addie tell you that she had received a letter from Bessie?"

"Yes; and she says that she makes no mention of being married. Even though I do not believe in divorced people marrying again, it would be better for her in many ways. The sin could be no greater than living together without marriage, and as the world would recognize them as man and wife, she would not be scorned and shunned as she must surely be unless a marriage takes place between them. Besides, there would be less danger of his deserting her some day."

"But that is just what he will do," he answered, bitterly. "Then Heaven help her! Poor ill-fated Bessie!"

Then as he gave Ruby a last parting kiss he said:

"Pray for her, Ruby; pray for the poor wayward, wretched, sin-polluted soul."

Another installment of this highly [illegible]esting story will appear in next wee[illegible] Ledger, leading to some very remarkable developments. The free premiums of cameras and patterns are still offered to all [illegible]cribers as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

In Masquerade.

[Continued from Page Seven.]

I have yet heard of.

"Perhaps I have; but that is not the [illegible] [illegible]sten to me, my friend. In this is my trust shown, because I intend to go along with you. I shall be in [illegible]pany; and I know that, so fa[illegible] it is possible f[illegible] one man to do, you will see I come to no harm."

'Go along!' Surely, you do not understand—and I dare not explain. What you propose is ridiculous, impossible. The jour[illegible] I take will not alone be one of dangers—those I know well enough you could dare—but of hardships as well.'

Nevertheless, I will be with you. You can judge for yourself whether I ever quailed at danger; and for hardships—a word in your e[illegible]ned to this [illegible]es that [illegible]re two to one in my favor. Did I not have faith in your lucky star, and your magnificent constitution, I would indeed demand that some other accept not alone the post of honor, but also that of danger.

"If you know so much you must also know that I have no authority to pick my comrades. They are chosen for me. Your presence by my permission would make trouble if nothing worse."

"Let me assure you, it is only in the last few hours I knew anything of the scheme; yet it is through me that it has been made possible at the last moment. It was because I knew who had been selected to lead that I agreed to pay the expenses. If I had so chosen I could have joined you and Jussac without warning, at the place of meeting, bringing orders you would never have dared to disobey.

I gave it up at that. Fate seemed to be keeping us together. If we both came back alive from this campaign, what else? I I thought I knew better than she did, but kept my peace and offered her my hand as a comrade.

She took it gracefully, and somehow her soft palm gave me a grip more nearly that of a brother than ever I had felt before from a woman.

We talked some little of the meeting which was to come; and then I went away, wondering what was to be the upshot of all these different lines.

From somewhere in the house the madame had procured me a hat, which I drew well down over my bandaged face, and a cloak, which I wrapped around me so well that it was a disguise. I almost passed Jussac, who was on the watch for me, and [illegible]as grum enough on my way to the rooms of Campos. I even had but few words for my friend, though I assured him all was well. It was my companion who told the story of the attempted assassination.

The next day Jussac and I started together for the seat of war.

The continuation of this very interesting story will be presented in the Ledger of next week. Every subscriber is entitled to our free came[illegible] terns as advertised on pages thirteen [illegible] fifteen.

WELL SPOKEN

A Chat About Food.

"Speaking of food," says a Chicago woman, "I am 61 years of age and was an invalid more than 14 years.

"Was 5 years in the Presbyterian Hospital on diet most of the time. Had an operation for a dilated stomach, a very serious operation performed by a famous physician.

"After the operation of course the doctors ordered Grape-Nuts as the most nourishing food, and easiest of digestion. That's how I know the stomach will digest Grape-Nuts when it will absolutely refuse all other kinds of food. It has also done wonders for me to brighten up and strengthen my nerves and made me feel a desire to live, for I can enjoy life. What seems so strange to me is that I have never tired of this food since, but like it better all the time. I find it especially good in any kind of soup or broth.

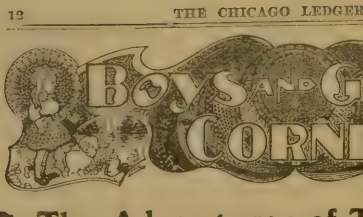
"I have a sister who is an invalid from indigestion and she has been greatly benefited by Grape-Nuts which she eats three times a day and a bowl of milk and Grape-Nuts just before going to bed; in fact, she [illegible]s on this food, and I also have two nieces who used to be troubled with indigestion, but used Grape-Nuts with grand results, and so I could go on and name many others who have been helped in the same way." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Grape-Nuts food is used by hospitals and physicians very largely, for no food known is so easy and perfect for complete digestion while at the same time it is a concentrated form of nourishment of the highest grade and the stomach will handle it when everything else is refused.

"There's a reason.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package.

The late Italian premier, Zanardelli, was a great lawyer and author of the penal code of Italy, which is regarded as well nigh a perfect work of its kind.



The Adventures of Tom Dayton;

OR

The Mystery of Dark Hollow.

By Will Lisenbee.

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CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Larkin was compelled to go to another part of the farm to show Mr. Herrington some stock, and Tom remained at the shed with Frank.

"I suppose I should just as well stay here and get the run of the work," he thought.

Frank was kept pretty busy, for the pickers were bringing in the berries rapidly, and they had to be packed in crates, ready for shipment.

Among the pickers was a young man of some twenty years of age, by the name of Ben Holden. He was a muscular fellow and evidently prided himself on being a bully, for his air was insolent, and he seemed to take delight in domineering over his companions.

He had been fussing with one of the pickers, a boy much smaller than he, and as he left the shed Frank said:

"I shall have to discharge him, I think. He is quarrelsome, and makes it unpleasant for the other pickers.

"I have noticed that he has a disagreeable way about him," said Tom.

"He has. He thinks that every one is afraid of him, and this makes him all the more arrogant."

"It is a wonder some one don't take a little of the conceit out of him," remarked Tom.

"Some have already tried it, but he has always come out with the best. The fact of the matter is, he is one of the hardest fellows to handle in the county, and he knows it. That is what makes him so insolent."

"I have seen such fellows before," said Tom. "We had one in the academy. He flourished for a while, but presently he ran up against some one that was more than a match for him, and after that we had no further trouble with him."

"It is a pity that Ben Holden has not met with the same experience, but as most every one under his age seems to avoid a fuss with him, there is not much prospect of his being taught the lesson he deserves."

"You can't always tell about that," replied Tom. "Sometimes the most timid one develops the greatest courage when put to the test."

"I should not care to measure my strength with his," said Frank, "though I should not allow him to bully me."

"He is much heavier and nearly a head taller than you. I would come nearer his size, but he is at least two inches taller than me."

While they were talking a number of the pickers came to the shed to get water which was kept in a big tub there. Among them was Ben Holden.

He got a drink and stood for a moment leaning against the rail that ran around the shed.

His gaze fell on Tom Dayton, and there was an air of insolence in his stare.

"Goin' to pick berries?" he asked.

"No, I guess not," replied Tom.

"Think you're too good, maybe?" he queried.

"I didn't say anything of the kind," remarked Tom.

"It is a good thing for you that you didn't."

"I'm glad of that," said Tom, smiling faintly.

"You ought to be glad you didn't. I'd hate to have to dirty them good clothes of yours."

"That is very kind of you," remarked Tom.

"Maybe you think I couldn't do it!" cried Ben, his voice rising in anger.

"Oh, I have no doubt that you could do it," remarked Tom. "You seem to have succeeded very well with the ones you have on."

Ben's face grew red with anger.

"Why, you little skunk!" he cried. "Do you mean to poke fun at me?"

A crowd began to collect around the shed. Frank came close to Tom and said in a low tone: "Don't say anything more to him. He is trying to draw you into a quarrel."

There was nothing in Tom's face to show that he was in the least disturbed by Frank's warning. He looked Ben full calmly and said:

"You ought to be more respectful in your language to strangers."

"I doesn't pay to be a ruffian."

Ben Holden's face was the picture of amazement. He could hardly believe his ears for it was plainly evident that the stranger youth did not fear him.

The crowd stood looking on with breathless interest.

It was a new and pleasant experience to them to see some one who did not fear the neighborhood bully.

"Do you aim to call me a ruffian?" asked Ben.

"You have the air of one," replied Tom.

"Look here," cried Ben, "do you know who you're talkin' to?"

"I guess it would be much credit to me to know you," answered Tom, calmly.

Ben fairly gasped in amazement.

"I see that I'll have to lick you!" he cried. Tom made no reply to this, but stood looking at Ben with a look of utter unconcern.

"Did you hear what I said?" cried Ben, taking a step toward Tom.

"Yes."

"Then you'd better be gettin' ready, for I'm goin' to give you the worst licking you ever got."

"All right."

Ben Holden doubled up his fists and came toward Tom with a rush.

Tom stood immovable till Ben was within two yards of him. Then something surprising happened. Tom stepped back one step, and as he did so he threw his arms out and his coat fell off. The next instant his lithe form shot forward like a flash, and with an assured confidence which the eye could hardly follow he tripped his assailant and sent him prostrate to the earth.

Cries of utter amazement arose from the crowd. But Tom paid no heed to the by, making further attack upon his adversary.

"Wal, I'll be blamed if that warn't about the slickest thing I ever seen!" exclaimed an old man who was standing in the crowd.

Ben struggled to his feet, his face purple with rage and mortification.

"That was only an accident," he said. "You couldn't do it again in a hundred years. Now I'll show you a few things."

"Wait a moment," said Tom. "I have no desire to have any quarrel with you, though you have tried to force it on me. I am a stranger here and just now the guest of Mr. Larkin. I do not want to make his premises the scene of a fight unnecessarily. I do not want to strike you, and I ask that you let the matter drop."

"Don't you believe it!" roared Ben. "I said I was goin' to whip you, an I'm goin' to keep my word."

As he spoke he advanced upon Tom, but with more caution than at first. It was evident that he was alive to the fact that he has an adversary worthy of his steel.

Tom stood watching him quite as eyes taking in every movement of the burly bully. When within six feet of Tom Ben made a rush for him and aimed a vicious blow at his face. But if he expected to land on the strange youth he was woefully disappointed, for, as he struck, Tom with a sudden movement that was like a flash of lightning shot to one side and in the same breath whipped his right foot and sent Ben sprawling into a gully two yards away.

At this a burst of applause came from the crowd, while Frank stood looking on in silent wonder.

The face of Ben Holden was now purple with rage as he picked himself up. He looked at first as though he meant to make

the Bakers were in keeping with it.

"I did not like the looks of either Baker or his wife. The man was of squatty build, his face covered with a thick beard that gave him a wolfish appearance. His wife was a lank, lean woman with a hard face and a rasping voice that was anything but pleasant.

"They both appeared startled at my appearance. At least that was my impression. When I explained that I had come there to meet my partner, Mortimer Gluck, they said that he was not there, but had returned to town the night before.

"I went back to the hotel and made further inquiries. The clerk said that Mr. Mortimer Gluck had arrived at the hotel at 10 a. m. the day before. He registered and ate his dinner and about an hour later left the hotel. That was the last that had been seen of him. He had engaged a room, and a heavy valise had been taken to it by the porter. But Gluck never went to the room as far as any of the people about the hotel knew. He sat on the porch a while and conversed with some of the guests. They said that he talked and acted strangely. They thought he might have been drinking, but as I never knew him to take a drink, I am positive that this was a mistake.

"I made inquiries everywhere about the town, but could learn nothing regarding the missing man. I put the matter into the hands of the police—or, more properly, the town marshal and his deputy—and they made a thorough search, but not the slightest clue to the mystery could be discovered.

"I went to the hotel with the marshal and we opened Gluck's valise, hoping to find something that would give us a clue, but it

"Give me that pistol, youngster!"

only contained articles of wearing apparel and a few specimens of quartz.

"I began to suspect that he had been foully dealt with, and the local officers shared in my suspicion, but it was impossible to get any proof. We made many visits to the Baker place and questioned the man and his wife, but all to no purpose. If they knew anything they were very careful not to betray the secret.

"The natural question was, what had become of the twenty thousand dollars received for the mine? I could not think that he would have risked carrying so large an amount on his person. Then the theory that Gluck had suddenly lost his reason presented itself. There was a good deal of evidence to support this theory. The conversation he had had with some of the guests and a few remarks made to the clerks all pointed to the theory of insanity.

"But if he were mad he had become insane—something that has been known to happen on many occasions to people who have become suddenly rich—it would easily explain everything else. But if he was demented, Baker's wife failed to see it that way—or at least they declared that they noticed nothing wrong with him.

"I remained in Rockville for nearly a week, and then as I had gained no clue to the mystery, I left the matter in the hands of the officers and returned home.

"Meantime, I had written to Colorado for all information relative to the matter, and learned that Gluck had been paid twenty thousand dollars in currency of large denominations at the Victoria Hotel in Cripple Creek. No record of his having bought a draft for the amount could be found at any of the banks in the city. That was all the information I could gain. If it had not been for the fact that there were strong indications that Mortimer Gluck had lost his mind, I should have had Baker and his wife arrested on suspicion that they had dealt foully with my partner. Still, there would have been no proof that any crime had been committed, and nothing could have been done. So the matter has rested. What has become of Mortimer Gluck, and what did he do with the money? These are the questions that no one has been able to answer."

"It is a very strange case," remarked Tom. "What sort of people are the Bakers, and what is their reputation in the town?"

"No one seems to know much about them. They came here about two years ago and bought the place where they live and a few acres of ground which they cultivate, making their living by selling vegetables to the people in the town. They pay their debts, and seem to be honest enough in all their dealings."

"Have they seemed more prosperous since the disappearance of their kinsman?"

"No. The officers there have kept a close watch for that. If they have the money they are too cunning to let the fact become evident.

"Have you had a detective at work on the case?"

"Yes, but nothing came of it."

"Have you any idea that Mortimer Gluck is playing a game to deprive you of your share of the money?"

"I do not think so. He had every opportunity to carry out such a design before returning from Colorado, had he desired. He kept nothing concealed from me —as he might have done had he intended to act dishonestly—and I am inclined to believe that he intended to act on the square."

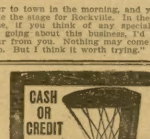
"It seems so, I must admit."

"As the officers have failed to learn any clue to the mystery, and as the detective has also been unsuccessful, you may think it strange that I should want to send you to Rockville. My main reason is that a over to town in the morning, and you can take the stage for Rockville. In the meantime, if you think of any special plans for going about this business, I'd like to hear from you. Nothing may come of the trip. But I think it worth trying."

CHAPTER VI.

From Tipton to Rockville there was no railroad line, and the distance, about seventy miles, had to be traveled by stage.

The road lay through a rough, mountainous region, and in places was so rough and



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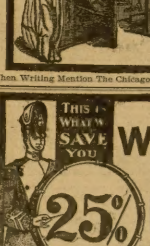

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the grades so steep that the stage was compelled to move very slowly.

Tom Dayton was not pleased to learn that it would take the larger part of two days to complete the journey, and that he would have to lay over all night at Mason's Springs, a stage station some forty miles from Tipton.

As Tom sat in the rickety stage coach as it rolled on its way, he could not help thinking of his changed circumstances. "Two days before I was living very comfortably on his way, carrying his grip, with but eighty-five cents in his pocket and no place to lay his head. Now he had employment and a good salary, was riding in a stage coach and had more than a hundred dollars in his pocket.

"If I am going to do this well right along I shall soon be rich," he thought with a smile. "I must write to Harry as soon as I get to Rockville and send him the five dollars he loaned me."

There was but one passenger on the stage when it left Tipton, but some ten miles out a couple of "road agents" halted the driver, tumbled a valise and fishing tackle into the stage and climbed in.

He was rather a bright-looking boy, but it was evident that he was not wanting in conceit.

"I am glad there is some one on board this old craft to talk to," he said to Tom as he got in. "I was the only passenger as I came down, and I was lonesome as a wretchedness. My name is Ora Mansfield," he added; "may I ask yours?"

Tom held out his hand. "My name is Tom Dayton," he said. "I am glad to meet you."

"Thanks. I'm glad to meet a sin dare. Do you travel far?"

"Only as far as Rockville," replied Tom.

"To Rockville! That is my destination. I live there. I suppose you have heard of my father? He is the leading lawyer and the only general merchandise store in the town."

"I am not acquainted with any one in Rockville," Tom replied quietly.

"Then you have never been there?"

"Never."

"I think you will like the place. Will you stop there long?"

"That will depend. I am going to visit an uncle who lives near the town."

"Then I shall probably see you often. What is your uncle's name?"

"Dick Henderson. Do you know him?"

Ora Mansfield gave a low, long-drawn whistle.

"Dick Henderson!" he cried. "I can't say that I know him. I don't think any one in Rockville really knows him. People from Rockville really know him. He never comes to town as far as I know."

"He has still lived near there, then?"

"I suppose so."

"I have always understood that he lived a secluded life," Tom said. "I never saw him."

"Well, now, that is odd. May I ask how you happen to be going to pay him a visit?"

"Certainly. He is the only relative I now have living."

"Your parents are dead, then?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry, and sympathize with you. I am afraid you have had many of your visit to Rockville?"

"What makes you think so?"

"I don't know. I am sure. Maybe I haven't any reason. The people generally think him a queer old chap, and would not be very pleased to visit one like that."

"I may be like him," Tom said.

"Don't think that I aim to speak disrespectful of a kinsman of yours. I did not intend to."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Tom.

"I am glad you take it so. Do you live at Tipton?"

"No; I have been living at Millville."

"At Millville! I think I should like to live there. I have heard of the place. I may even visit there before I return home. Did you go to school there?"

"I just finished."

"Oh, that is nice. You will go to college, I suppose?"

"I have had to give that up, as my circumstances are changed since the death of my father."

"Too bad! Do you expect to make your home with your uncle?"

"I cannot say."

"Maybe he'll send you to college."

"Perhaps, but I am not building any hopes in that direction, so I shall not be disappointed whatever happens."

"Shall you have to work for a living?"

"As no one is likely to work for me, I suppose I shall," replied Tom.

"I shouldn't know what to do if I were turned out in the world to make my own living," said Ora.

"You'd probably have to go to work," laughed Tom.

"I shouldn't mind the work so much as being thrown on my own resources," said Ora. "Then one likes to have plenty of leisure to hunt and fish, and I have always been spending a week with my cousins down on the river fishing. We had a great time. They often tied down to a job I should miss such pleasant excursions."

"It is not the people who have to work for their living that have the least leisure," remarked Tom. "My father never took off a day's time, and he was always busy. I suppose you can say the same of your own father."

"That is true," replied Ora. "Father never seems to have time to get away from the store."

They had now begun the ascent of a steep incline—so steep that the stage coach was dragged upward at a snail's pace, and a halt had to be made occasionally to allow the horses to rest.

"I think I should prefer getting out and stretching my legs a little," said Tom, when the coach came to a halt. "Suppose we walk to the top of the hill? The exercise is fine."

"Just what I was going to suggest," said Ora. "I am cramped as if I had the rheumatism sitting in here."

The boys got out and walked ahead up the long slope. They soon got quite a distance ahead of the coach, for the driver had to stop once to fix a broken strap.

The day was warm, but the trees that skirted the road threw a deep shade across it.

"This is a wild strip of country," remarked Tom. "I fancy there must be a great deal of game in this region."

"There is," said Ora, "but I should not care to stop very long in these parts."

"Why?"

"Oh, a fellow might run onto a robber, and I should not like that."

"Have there been any robberies committed here lately?" asked Tom, thinking of the money he carried in his pocket.

"The stage was stopped on this very hill and the passengers robbed about a year ago," replied Ora.

"I'm glad to hear I hope we shall not be so unfortunate."

"So do I; but I brought very little money with me, and I guess all they'd get out of you wouldn't make them rich."

"That is a fact, but they would get more than I'd like to lose."

"True; you probably need all you've got. A few dollars loss would mean more to you than to me. My allowance would to one who was rich. Suppose we stop here and wait for the coach? It is a good quarter of a mile behind."

"As you please," said Tom. "I think I could stand resting a while myself."

The two sat down in the shade by the roadside and watched the stage coach toiling up the slope.

"This is a fine place for a holdup," commented Tom.

"Of course it is," assented Ora. "You could get away with the robbers on this slope if you tried. I have not got much to lose, but if any robber tries to hold me up I'll make it pretty warm for him!"

He showed the butt of a pistol which he had thrust into his pocket as he spoke. "I brought it with me for target practice," he added, "but I suppose it will be useful in case of a holdup."

"I understand that it is a very dangerous business to shoot those robbers who hold up stage coaches and trains," remarked Tom. "Some of them are stop on sight and is a crack shot. They are desperate fellows as a rule, and they have but a gun with deadly effect."

"I am no slouch of a shot myself," boasted Ora. "I could knock a robber over at twenty yards easy enough."

Tom drew a pistol from his pocket and held it in his hand, turning it on his finger as he had seen the cowboys do in the Far West show.

Tom took the pistol and examined it. It was a revolver of the most approved make, and would be a dangerous weapon in the hands of a skilful person, as Ora was.

As he handed it back to Ora he said: "I should like to have a pistol like that. I feel almost as if it were a good weapon."

He got up and stepped out into the road to look for the stage coach, which was coming some two hundred yards down the slope.

Suddenly a gruff voice broke the silence.

"Give me that pistol, youngster, or I'll kill you!"

Tom turned quickly and saw the burly figure of a man standing on Ora, with a heavy club uplifted over the youth.

"Quick, that gun before I crack you over head!" cried the man, savagely.

Ora uttered a gasp of terror, the pistol dropped from his hand, and the robber grasped it quickly.

For a moment Tom was too utterly dumfounded to move or speak. A single glance told him that the stranger was the tramp who had once offered to rob Mr. Larkin.

The tramp had also recognized Tom, and a chuckle of satisfaction came from his throat as he leveled the pistol at him.

"Up with your hands, or I'll kill ye like a dog!" he cried. "I'm goin' to git even with ye for that little trick ye played on me, and I'll make sure of it by killin' ye!"

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Love's Guilty Dream.

[Continued from Page Five.]

them anything more than he really is, a mortal creature like myself."

"Tet you say that you loved once?"

"Oh, but with a-remand it was different," she admitted with charming candor, "but it was not of me we were to talk, but of Marguerite. She had scarcely left the convent when she entered society. She met Lucien de Lorgnac and he, needing some one to serve as a blind to deceive the Marquis du Tyrrail, made love to her. It was so sweet to be told over and over again that she was beautiful, and it was sweeter still to think that amid so many handsome women she alone had charmed him, she let herself be carried on, thinking that her heart was touched, when only her vanity was flattered. When she saw that she had been duped she also discovered the true value of the sentiment she had taken for love. After that our path lay simply in the thought that she had been a tool to aid the guilty to conceal their crime."

"Are you sure of this, Mademoiselle D'Orsay?"

"Certain, since I have it from her own lips and I know she told me the truth."

"Then there is hope for me?"

"More than hope, since you can be certain of success. It may not be right to thus betray a confidence, but then I can't allow a folly of the past to ruin her future and yours."

"Then Marguerite loves me?"

"That question she can answer better than I."

And before he had time to put another question, Irene had turned her horse into another direction and with a touch of the whip sent it galloping away. Still, as she left him, she turned her head, bowed with roguish malice, but in her smile the Baron de Trevyn read that Marguerite must have confided to her the secret of her love.

In the Ledger of next week another installment of this charming story will appear. With each subscription to the Ledger we give a free camera or patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Pertinent Inquiry.

Farmer Hayrix—I want tow git a axhandle.

Clerk—Yes, sir. About how long do you want it?

Farmer Hayrix—Looky here, young feller, I ain't askin' fer th' loan uv a axhandle, an' of I buy it an' pay cash for it, I reckon I kin keep it as long en I want tew, by hen!

Queen Carmen Sylva has a printing plant in her palace, where her works will be printed in the alphabet for the blind and then distributed throughout the world.

Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

NOTE: The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of time and money. Other dealers in such patterns charge from 10 to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Remember, another condition of this offer is that you must be a subscriber to the CHICAGO LEDGER for three months, or renew subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 26 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without price. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do as here stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money.

PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

4751 FANCY BLOUSE WAIST 32-40 BUST.
4752 GIRLS' DRESS WITH GUIMPE, 6-12 YRS
4741 FINE GORED SKIRT, 22-30 WAIST.
4747 SHIRT WAIST (STYLE), 32-40 BUST
4746 BUSTER BROWN COAT SUIT, 2-8 YRS.
4749 KILTED WALKING SKIRT, 22-30 WAIST.
4736 WAIST WITH POINTED YOKE & COLLAR 32-40 BUST.
4748 BATHING COSTUME 32-40 BUST
4753 GIRLS' BLOUSE COSTUME, 6-12 YRS.
4746 GIRLS' BLOUSE COSTUME, 6-12 YRS
4750 NEGLIGEE GOWN, 32-40 BUST.
4740 FANCY WAIST 32-40 BUST.
4739 WALKING SKIRT, 22-30 WAIST.
4762 BOX COAT 32-40 BUST.
4757 PLAITED BLOUSE ETON 32-40 BUST.
4761 PLAITED BOLERO 32-40 BUST
4742 FANCY YOKE 32-36-40 BUST.
4753 BLOUSE WAIST WITH BOLERO 32-40 BUST.
4756 NINE GORED SKIRT, 22-30 WAIST.
4766 MISSES' BLOUSE WAIST, 12-16 YRS

$50000.00 In Free Prizes

TO LUCKY GUESSERS---FORTUNE'S DOUBLE KNOCK

READ EVERY WORD OF THIS CAREFULLY.

This is no out of a lottery scheme. The prizes offered are intended to take the place of the Commissions usually paid to brokers but in this case we give to the purchaser of our stock.

The object to quickly interest investors in their enterprise and so save brokers' commissions. The directors of the IDAHO GOLD FIELDS MAMMOTH AND GREAT EASTERN MINING AND MILLING COMPANY have authorized the most liberal offer ever heard of in the history of advertising. It is this—and the conditions are simple.

A NOVEL CONTEST dates in the States New York, Ohio and Iowa in 1900 was 9,418,785

What will be the total vote in the same States in 1904? For the nearest correct estimate received before Nov. 1, 1904, we will give a first prize of 5,000 shares of Mammoth and Great Eastern stock; to the next nearest, a second prize of 2,500 shares; to the next, a third prize of 1,000 share, and so on down the list of prizes, as follows:

1 Prize of 5,000 Shares of Stock, par value	$ 5,000
1 Prize of 2,500 Shares of Stock, par value	2,500
1 Prize of 1,500 Shares of Stock, par value	1,500
1 Prize of 1,000 Shares of Stock, par value	1,000
10 Prizes of 750 Shares each, total par value	7,500
25 Prizes of 500 Shares each, total par value	12,500
50 Prizes of 250 Shares each, total par value	12,500
75 Prizes of 100 Shares each, total par value	7,500
164 GRAND PRIZES OF A TOTAL PAR VALUE OF	$50,000

In case two or more persons makes the same estimate, resulting them to a prize, then the prize will be equally divided.

The single condition is that each estimate must be accompanied by an order for 50 shares or more of stock at the present low rate of 15 cents per share, and that the estimate must be received before November 1st, 1904. Prizes will be awarded as soon as the official returns are in.

MAMMOTH AND GREAT EASTERN MINES

are located in the **IDAHO GOLD FIELDS** of Idaho from which has been taken $150,000,000 of pioneer fame of the great **IDAHO GOLD FIELDS** gold mines. The rich ledges of the Mammoth and Great Eastern mines are in the center of the Owyhee and Boise mining districts, and there is strictly Free-milling. The company owns two great properties, each of a known and profitable gold field, with every requisite for the steady mining and milling of ore. Shafts have been sunk and tunnels run on the ledges, and the ore is in sight in large bodies of ore. The present known ore reserves are $2.62 per ton on the mines' conservative estimate of 10 feet. A ton of ore will reduce the total cost of reduction to less than $1 per ton, leaving a sure net profit of $500 per day—$180,000.00 per year. Mammoth and Great Eastern stock is selling at 15 cents per share, and as the mills and machinery are ordered to be at the mines before the first of the year, the stock will be worth many times its present price.

It is now proposed to take a limited amount of stock at 15 cents per share, and to sell it at the rate of 25 cents per share per foot. Mammoth and Great Eastern stock is a safe purchase; also is Ledger's sell at the reasonable rate will be back from our dear curiosity and to commence to produce bullion before January 1, 1905. To raise the money required for these purposes, and for the further development of all the company's mines, only 500,000 shares of Treasury Stock will be now offered at

FIFTEEN CENTS PER SHARE

To dispose of all this Treasury Stock quickly at this extremely low figure the additional inducement of prizes as advertised above is offered.

An order for	50 shares at 15 cents $ 7.50	entitles the purchaser to 5 guesses
An order for	100 shares at 15 cents $ 15.00	entitles the purchaser to 10 guesses
An order for	250 shares at 15 cents $ 37.50	entitles the purchaser to 25 guesses
An order for	500 shares at 15 cents $ 75.00	entitles the purchaser to 50 guesses
An order for	1000 shares at 15 cents $150.00	entitles the purchaser to 100 guesses

This is the Double Knock of Fortune at YOUR Door. She May Never Knock again.

The contest closes August 1. After that date the price of stock will be advanced 50% per cent, and no further prizes will be offered.

Remember that the prizes of the Mammoth and Great Eastern Mining and Milling Company are not mere prospects, but proven producers. They are backed by sterling business men who make this extraordinary offer because they want to sell the stock direct to investors without the aid of fiscal agents and other expensive middlemen.

STARTLING FIGURES

The statement is frequently made "What is the use of investing a small sum in a Mining Company? It will never amount to anything." Read the following and see what can be done: Mr. Wm. Ramsay, of Ottawa, Ont., began investing from savings on January 1st, 1901, a sum worth $200.00. $50.00 invested in the Rambler Cariboo mine, Cariboo camp, on January 1st, 1901, is now worth $1000.00. $100.00 invested in Isabella in '01 is now worth $1,000.00 and is still paying dividends. $100.00 invested in Payne in '01 is now worth $1,000.00 and is still paying dividends. $100.00 invested in Jumbo in '01 is now worth $1,000.00 and in addition would have paid him $1,000.00 in dividends. $100.00 invested in the Golden Star in '01 is now worth $200.00 and in addition would have paid him $1,000.00 in dividends. $100.00 invested in the Virtue in '01 is now worth $200.00 and in addition would have paid him $1,000.00 in dividends. $100.00 invested in the Centre Star in '01 is now worth $1,000.00 and in addition would have paid him $1,000.00 in dividends. $100.00 invested in the Crown Point in '01 is now worth $1,000.00 and in addition would have paid him $1,000.00 in dividends. There are hundreds of other properties that have done as well.

AN ENTERPRISE OF HIGHEST STANDING

The Directors of the Company are the best known men in one of the leading towns of the Dominion of Canada, are well and conservative men of affairs, and are identified with the following: Hon. Geo. A. Cox, President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto, Ont.; H. S. Wilkinson, Esq., Manager of the Bank of Commerce, Chatham, Ont.; the Hon. Geo. Gordon Gibson, the largest dry goods merchant in Chatham; Dr. J. R. Baldwin, Treasurer, the leading Presbyterian divine of Chatham; Rev. Dr. Wilkinson, Secretary; Dr. J. R. Harrison, President of the Canada Flour Mills Co., Ltd., and Mr. Harrison is President of the Chatham Malleable Co., Ltd., of Chatham, Ontario. These men have engaged in a financial enterprise—for such the Mammoth and Great Eastern Mining and Milling Company is—of the highest possible investments, an **Absolutely Safe Investment.** **Not One Chance in a Million Chances to Win.** But present action is necessary to get in on the ground floor. The stock will positively advance on August 1st, and the present low rate for stock accompanied by cash may be sent direct to the Company at Montreal, Chatham, Ontario, Canada. Full particulars **FREE.** Write at once for illustrated booklet giving maps, views and full information facts and figures.

Mammoth and Great Eastern Milling and Mining Company,
Dept. C, Chatham (Ont.), Canada.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Wonderful Music Offer

Hiawatha, The Holy City, and 50 other new songs and two pieces of music **FREE** to each person who answers this advertisement. We are making this most liberal offer to introduce WOMAN'S WORLD, a large, finely illustrated magazine which has already a circulation of over one million copies.

WOMAN'S WORLD is edited by able writers who have followed their chosen lines of work for years, and it is full of interesting matter and numerous departments such as are found only in an up-to-date and high-class paper. To introduce our magazine into thousands of homes quickly, we will send it for the next trial **only 10 cents** and we will send you free and postpaid 52 new songs and two pieces of music as above stated. Send 12 cents and we will send WOMAN'S WORLD one year and the songs and music mentioned above, also our Mammoth collection of **100 songs, words and music.** This is positively the biggest offer ever made by any publisher. We are one of the largest publishing houses in Chicago, in business over 25 years. If you want a good paper at a low price and a lot of choice music send for either of the above offers. You will be delighted. Address **WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. M6 CHICAGO, ILL.**

BOYS WANTED TO SELL THE BLADE AND LEDGER

We want a boy in every town to act as agent. We start you without asking a cent in advance. Fill out the blank below and we will send you a bundle of BLADES AND LEDGERS by mail, also report blanks, instructions, and certificate of agency. In this way you can earn a nice sum each week. No experience necessary. We send full instructions so you can begin at once. Tear out the coupon below and send it in.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago.

GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent. I agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc. Yours truly,

Name.....

Street..... Town.....

Date..... State.....

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

KNIGHT SUNNY HEART.

Up to the "Castle of I Don't Care,"
Thro' the "Forest of I Won't Play,"
O'er the "Bridge of Doubts and Naughty Ponds,"
Rode a gallant knight one day;
To rescue a wild little wilful child
Who would always have her own way.

Imprisoned was she and held by chains
In the "Dungeon of Discontent;"
Her Jailer "Tomorrow," was severe (a just course),
One that's sure to make small tots repent.
And oft-times they find, it's better to mind
Than to bed to be supperless sent.

The Knight crossed the "Moat of Sulks and Frowns,"—
And the "Causeway of Let Me 'Lone;"
But no pretty face did he see any place—
(The smiles they all had flown).
So—and was the plight of the Sunny Heart Knight
Till his bugle, all gold, he'd blown.

Then out rushed the little maid swiftly,
Her face now was smiling and gay;
Oh! glad was the Knight to see her so bright,
Said she, "I have learned to obey."
Now always she's neat, tender, loving and sweet
In school, at home and in play.

The First Robin.

"Tell us an Indian story," said the children to Uncle Bob the day they all went picnicking to the Falls of Indian Brook.

"I was just thinking of doing that very same, for it was in this valley that the great chief White Feather killed the six giants that had eaten up every man, woman and child of the Indian tribe that used to live here. White Feather had been a sort of an outcast, of no particular tribe and had lived with his grandfather in a cave.

"He fell in love with the daughter of the wicked old chief Mishosha. The old warrior secretly laughed at the pretender, but he told White Feather that if he would reclaim this beautiful valley from the six giants he could call the country his own and marry the girl he loved. White Feather did kill the six giants, married the chief's daughter, and, with many other Indians, came here to live. I will tell you how he killed the giants some other time, but today I want to tell you the origin of the robin redbreast; which will, I hope, show you that we should not too severely try those who love us.

"Now, White Feather had one son, and he loved the boy with all his heart and soul. He wanted little Iadilla—for that was the boy's name—to be the greatest chief that ever lived.

"When an Indian boy is approaching adolescence he goes through a certain religious ceremony that is supposed to enable him to choose his guardian spirit or spirit of his life. After having been confined several times in the sweating lodge and taken as many baths of purification the boy goes to a small lodge which has been prepared especially for him, that is on a new, clean mat—woven for the occasion—and begins a long fast, which is supposed to purify his soul and put him in communication with good spirits.

"As White Feather wanted his son to surpass all the great ones of the earth he deemed that his child's fast should exceed all previous fasts of that kind. The old chief bade his son observe his growth as a man. At the expiration of twelve days he should have food and a father's caress. For eight days the brave boy bore the tortures of hunger without a murmur. His old father came to the tent every morning to look at and encourage his son. On the ninth day Iadilla said:

"'Father, my dreams forebode evil. May I not break my fast now and, at least, on a more favorable time begin a new fast?'

"But old White Feather would not hear of such a thing. He told Iadilla that he would by breaking his fast lose all the merit he had gained. The father wanted to see his son the star among the chieftains that go forth to battle. 'There are but three days. Be brave!' he said. The boy covered himself up more closely with the robe and suffered in silence for two days more, when he again begged for food. Then White Feather grew angry and said:

"'Would you bring shame upon your old father when his son is setting in the West?'

"'I will not shame my father,' said the gentle boy, but he knew that he was never to be a great warrior. His guardian spirit had told him that his love and obedience had gained for him a far greater reward —that he should not only be happy himself, but that he should be permitted to bring happiness to all who saw him or heard his voice.

"The next morning when the old chief entered the tent with food, what was his astonishment to see his son standing vermilion on his breast and over his shoulders as far back as he could reach. Before the very eyes of the grief stricken father the boy was transformed into a beautiful robin redbreast and flew to the top of the lodge.

"Full of repentant agony, old White Feather implored his son not to leave him, but Iadilla told his father that the Great Spirit had willed it otherwise; had, in fact, given the son of the great chieftain immunity from the cares and pains of human life. 'But,' said the boy, 'do not grieve, my father, for the loss of the glory you had expected; because I shall always be happy and content. The free woods will be my home and furnish my food, but I shall always be the friend of mankind. I shall keep near their dwellings and cheer them with my songs. I shall try to bring the joy and lightness of heart to them that I experience myself.'

"Then the boy raised himself on his little bird feet, spread his bright wings and flew away to yonder tree, where he carolled forth his praise to the Creator of the universe. And that was the origin of the first robin redbreast."

THE POLAR BEAR SONG.

Once I was a polar bear, living far away
In the frozen northland, where the nights are day,
And the days are night time, six months in the year,
When against the wintry sky northern lights appear.
In my shaggy overcoat, warm and soft and white,
There I watched my baby bears through the frozen night;
Brought them food of fish and flesh, till a sorry day,
When a hunter shot me dead and carried me away.
Now I am a parlor rug, soft and warm and white,
And to roll within my fur children take delight;
Often, though, I wonder where in my frosty home
All my little baby bears are compelled to roam.

Among the Lions.

A hunter of big game in central Africa tells the following story of what happened one day after he shot an antelope: "Leaving the boy who was with me to cut off the head and skin, I took up the trail of the wounded bull. Its spoor took me in the direction of a small rocky kopje covered in patch of fresh green grass about breast high. Just as I came across the first of it I then stepped on a high tuft of old grass to look for my boy. As I glanced round I saw the head of a lion not forty yards away. Only two cartridges remained in my pouch, however, for the first time and I aimed him to go back, but he did not understand me, and still came on till about thirty yards from them. He was carrying the lechwe (antelope) head on his shoulders and, immediately I fired, he dropped, but stopped dead and I heard him ejaculate 'Ah!' Then he rose to his hands and knees, one of them grunted something also resembling 'Ah!' and then turned. I had a splendid opportunity for a shot at the head of the biggest, but with the ammunition I had left I thought it more than likely I should have to defend myself and the native in the long grass I thought it rather risky.

"I shouted to the boy to make a detour and encourage the oxen, which by the actions watching him all the time. We tried to drive them out of the grass where it open beyond, where we should have felt safe in firing. But they were feeding on the lechwe which I had wounded and as we approached a lioness put her tail in the air and growled. So, considering discretion the better part of valor, and as dusk was coming on fast, we beat an orderly retreat. We were near the head of the channel which I had crossed, and, to get round the top end where it was shallow, to cross, we had to walk within sight of the lions for 200 or 300 yards and the boy carried the head. When I got to the other side I looked back and counted the heads of seven lions against the skyline; they had followed us to the water's edge.

"There was not light enough to risk a shot and as I had hopes of meeting them on the morrow when better prepared, I did not disturb them but made my way back to camp, where I arrived after dark. The others had each bagged a lechwe and I was informed that the cook and another boy had seen two lions not far from where I met them. We prepared bullets that night and next morning at daybreak went out after them. We found the remains of the lechwe and followed the lions' spoor till we came to where they had crossed a wide and deep channel during the night. Without a canoe we could not cross this and had to give up the hunt."

An Amusing Game.

It is astonishing how little ideas people have of the height of a hat. Place a silk hat on the table. After every one has seen it, take it out of the room. Now, on a piece of paper, let every one write how high they guess the hat to be. Bring in a derby hat, a straw hat and a crush hat. You will be surprised at the number of wrong guesses; so will your guests.

Solid.

Mrs. Slimdiet (to new boarder)—That is a poundcake, Mr. Starver.

New Boarder (carefully hefting a piece)—What did you pound it with?

Drake's Palmetto Wine

The Most Wonderful Medicine in the World and You Can Get a Test Bottle Free to Satisfy Yourself

Drake's Palmetto Wine is pleasant and convenient to take and will cure quickly and permanently every form of stomach trouble. It is a cure for the whole world of stomach weakness and constipation, as well as a regulator of the kidneys and liver. Only one dose a day and the cure begins with the first

dose, no matter how much or how long you have suffered you are certain of a cure with one dose a day of Drake's Palmetto Wine, and to convince you of this fact we will send you **Free**, postage paid, a test bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine.

Stop and Think, Sufferers! If we did not know positively and absolutely that Drake's Palmetto Wine will immediately relieve and permanently cure you of stubborn constipation, distressing stomach trouble and perfectly regulate the congested condition of your kidneys and liver or remove the catarrhal condition of the mucous lining of your head, throat, stomach and intestines, would we at an enormous expense to ourselves send free test bottles?

The first dose you take will convince you of the masterly power of this wonderful Palmetto Medicine

We tell you plainly every ingredient in this remedy; show it to your family physician, he will tell you there cannot be put together a finer combination of remedies for the cure of the diseases we have mentioned above, and further that each and all ingredients are vegetable and cannot possibly harm you, can only benefit you. The best physicians in the United States prescribe **Drake's Palmetto Wine. Do not suffer longer, but write today for a free test bottle.**

Address Drake Formula Co., 946 Drake Bldg., Chicago

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Boys' Names Wanted

THE STAR MONTHLY wants names and addresses of bright boys between 10 and 16 years of age, to whom we may send sample copies of our publication. It is a 32-page magazine, 10 cents per copy, $1 per year, or 50 cents per six months. It is 10 years old. It's the Boy's own paper. It publishes stories of adventure; it gives ball and football pointers; it tells about boats, skates, rations, camps, hunts and fishes with him. It goes to school or he won't work with him. It chats with him about his future, his ambition to get on in the world. It teaches him how to build his head, heart and body. It develops his self-confidence, character, patriotism, amateur journalism, mechanism, photography, coin, stamp and curio collecting; prizes amount to each December. Its novel $50 tear sheet 32 large pages, profusely illustrated, and printed on fine polished book paper. It contains fine short stories, boys' experiences, puzzles and solution each month awards a large number of valuable prizes to subscribers. Send us plainly written names and addresses of 10 boys you know and enclose 10 two-cent stamps or a silver quarter and we will enter you as a subscriber for one year. Your 10 addresses for one

THE STAR MONTHLY, Dept. 46, OAK PARK, ILL.

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